

THE LONDON MERCURY

Editor—J. C. SQUIRE

Assistant Editor—MILTON WALDMAN

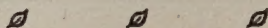
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EDITORIAL NOTES

FROM time to time an item of artistic or semi-artistic intelligence, which happens to have about it some easily appreciated aspect [of the picturesque, is seized upon by those who control the daily papers, and is given—temporarily—a high “news-value.” Then, for a brief while, some poem or picture, some writer or other artist, competes, upon almost equal terms, with actors, prime-ministers, cricketers, criminals and pugilists for the morning or evening attention of the great public. An instance of this kind has occurred within the last few weeks, and John Bunyan and his *Pilgrim's Progress* have—with the assistance of Messrs. Sotheby and Messrs. Quaritch as producers—made what must surely be their first star appearance upon that carefully (if curiously) select stage whose dramas our daily journalists report for us so entertainingly. Yet what gave Bunyan and his book their journalistic importance was not any general awakening of literary interest in them, but the fact that, for a perfect copy of the first edition, Messrs. Quaritch had bid the astounding sum of six thousand eight hundred pounds. This, of course, was not the highest sum ever paid for a single printed volume, but it definitely placed *The Pilgrim's Progress* among the half-dozen most valuable books in the world, and was spectacular from several points of view. It was, for instance, bid not by an American but by an English bookseller, and that at a time of great economic depression; and, further, it was bid for the first edition of a work not comparable—in the general estimation—with the Bible or the plays or poems of Shakespeare, whose first printed editions have alone exceeded the price bid for this *Pilgrim's Progress*. Hence not only was the affair given much space in the news-columns of the papers, but it inspired also a whole sheaf of leading articles, the gist of many of

them being that book-collecting must be a pursuit of the vulgarian or of the insane, since quite nicely-printed copies of the same book were purchasable for as little as one shilling. When, after Messrs. Quaritch had had the book a few days, they discovered that it was not a "first issue" of the first edition, and returned it to the auctioneers, the journalists were all the more convinced that all book-collectors were crazy, and with difficulty restrained themselves (when, indeed, they did so at all) from quoting that favourite remark about "a mad world, my masters." That the correction of a few misprinted page-numbers, and the addition of five lines of *errata* at the end of a book, should seriously prejudice its value, appeared to many people nothing short of farcical.

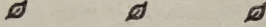


ALL this makes it a matter of some interest to consider, briefly, the ideas that lie behind the collecting of books and the general principles that govern their monetary values. Books are the records of man's intellectual achievements, and the tools with which he labours to add something to the total sum of human knowledge. A collection of books should therefore be an assembly of volumes all bearing upon some one study or group of studies. The study itself may be what you will—electricity, botany, drama, poetry, prose fiction, or theology; it may even be the study of books as books, of the development of printing, of illustration, or of bindings; but any library, to be of value, must have a central subject round which it is built, and must illustrate as fully as possible the various aspects of that study. A miscellaneous and shapeless heap of books is a thing of little use, and unworthy of the names of library or collection. Every book that is added to a collection should add something to the symmetry of the whole and to the utility of its companions. It naturally follows that the greater a given book is in its own sphere, the more necessary it will be to certain libraries, and its market value will therefore depend upon two factors—its own rarity and the number of libraries to which that particular book is necessary, and which are in the process of formation or augmentation. Generally speaking, therefore, the most valuable books are the rarest and most important editions of those books which have the most students in the world.

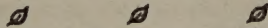


THIS broad first statement is, however, a little simpler than the whole truth and needs some elaborating. Questions of sentiment intrude themselves, and folly and vulgarity do exert a certain influence on this kind—as on most other kinds—of human activity. First editions, it is true, have a sentimental value—and very naturally so, for what book-lover is quite immune from the pleasure of reading a favourite book in the very type and binding, and on the very paper, which the author saw when the book

was new, and often, no doubt, himself chose? Who can resist day-dreaming of the feelings of the author when he first gloated over his new-born literary offspring and hastened, perhaps, across the fields, or down the street, to present a copy to Anne Hathaway, or to Fanny Brawne? That is the sentimental appeal—or part of it—of first editions, and, at the very worst, it is but a pleasing foolishness. Less agreeable forms of folly are manifested when fashion temporarily over-values some inferior book, or when rich men, as sometimes happens, will buy rare books merely because they are expensive.



BUT sentiment and folly are not the chief causes of the importance that attaches to first editions. Those operate, in their different ways, but beyond them lies the fact that there is a real value in a first edition that no other edition can possess. In courts of law evidence is accepted only if it is first-hand; and a first edition of a book is the first-hand evidence of what was in its author's mind. All other editions are either revised statements (if they have been corrected by the author) or mere hearsay (if they are only reprints). In any case, the first statement of an author's mind—that is, the first edition of his book—is the point from which every investigation of his work and intention must begin; no scholar, for example, can edit properly the writings of a poet, unless he has access to the first editions of the poems, from which he can proceed to study the later editions and decide which changes—if he finds changes—are due to correction, and which to corruption, of the text. For it must be remembered that a written text, each time it is reproduced, is just as likely to acquire new mistakes as to have old ones corrected. Nor is it only the printed words of a first edition that are of value, the peculiarities of the very form of the book can—as modern bibliography has so often demonstrated—sometimes teach the student something of what was in the author's mind, as when the presence of a cancel-leaf indicates the probability that a passage has been seriously altered after the book was in its final proof stage. Even obvious misprints have their value: they may, sometimes, give us a notion of the author's peculiarities of calligraphy, and so enable us to correct other misprints which are less obvious; they may, at other times, give us the hint of important changes made in a book during the course of its composition; or, again, misprints may frequently teach the careful student a great deal about the methods of printing employed at various periods in the history of the craft.



THESE things being so, and first editions having such a definite and irreplaceable importance as evidence, it is not surprising that rare first editions of very great books, having a wide appeal, should be extremely valuable, especially when there are, in various parts of the world, so many rich men forming libraries, either for their own use, or for the benefit

of some institution. This is not to say that all the wealthy collectors of books put their collections to a good use, and that some men do not collect books in order to be known as collectors rather than in order to become students. Undoubtedly, too, there are men who buy books only as a convenient means of advertising their own wealth. Such vulgarians, by falsely increasing the demand for certain books, certainly send up their market value ; but, for quite legitimate purposes, there is in the world at the present moment such a demand for a commodity that is by its nature strictly limited in quantity, that any rarity of especial importance would certainly fetch a very high price, even if the competition of the snobs could be eliminated totally. Such a conclusion is perhaps not highly comforting to persons who, like ourselves, belong to a nation that is not, just now, particularly affluent. We must, however, console ourselves with the thought that we already possess in this country collections of immense richness, which can never be dispersed in the auction room ; and we may, moreover, rejoice in the knowledge that nothing can do so much for the real unity—which must, finally, be a cultural unity—of the English-speaking nations, as some dispersal throughout the United States and the British Dominions of the great treasures of our common language.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

THE death of Israel Zangwill deprives English literature of one of its most distinctive figures. Zangwill's career was not without an element of romance. Born of humble parentage, he never knew the date of his birth. He received his early education at the Jews' Free School in Spitalfields, and at the age of twenty graduated B.A. at the London University with triple honours. After working as a pupil teacher in East London, he gradually drifted into journalism, and was at one time on the staff of *Ariel*, a paper that was in the closing years of the last century a sort of rival to *Punch*. His earlier contributions to literature were mainly humorous, and it was not till the publication of *Children of the Ghetto* and *Dreamers of the Ghetto*—unquestionably his two finest works—that he may be said really to have found himself. The latter book is a powerful vindication of the Semitic spirit, and the studies of Heine, of Disraeli and of Lassalle are marked alike by subtlety and sympathy. During his later years Zangwill identified himself prominently with the Zionist movement. It is to be regretted that he squandered so many of his undoubted talents in the writing of plays: for he was without the qualifications that go to the making of a successful dramatist, and in such plays as *The Cockpit*, *The Next Religion* and *The Melting Pot* art is too often sacrificed to propaganda. Zangwill was a man somewhat intolerant of opposition, and even his friends found him at times a little "difficult." No man, however, laboured more strenuously and unselfishly for what he believed to be truth and righteousness, and as an interpreter of the Jew to the Gentile he stands without a rival in our literature.

THE late Sir William Ridgeway, Professor of Archæology at Cambridge, was a man whose deep and diverse knowledge was never allowed to dull his personality; rather, the one amplified the other. His lectures were remarkable for the breadth of vision revealed, and from his books, though enthusiasm sometimes prevented the facts from being as clearly set forth as patience dictated, the same quality of greatness came out. They are milestones in the history of their subject, and their conclusions have inspired many works from others who could not have worked without them. His death will be mourned by a large circle of friends and pupils (though the conjunction is unnecessary), as they remember the prodigality of his wit and wisdom to those who came seeking either.

A SOCIETY is being formed, at the instigation of the Council of the Royal Society of Arts in co-operation with the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, to prevent the disappearance of many of the fine old cottages in our villages. The subject is dealt with more fully in our Architecture Chronicle: here it must be sufficient to say that a conference is to be called in the autumn, after which a public appeal will be issued. Our cottages give that distinguishing quality to the English landscape, which influences art and literature so much. But apart from their associations, in many cases they are built in a plain and unpretentious style with that simplicity which denotes ample fulfilment of the need for which they were built. England without its cottages is unthinkable, and any anxious to aid in preserving them may make their cheques payable to the Royal Society of Arts, and address them to the Secretary at John Street, W.C.2.

ADMIRERS of Lady Murasaki's *Tale of Genji*, and of Mr. Arthur Waley's translation, will be interested to learn that the third part, *A Wreath of Cloud*, is to be published this month by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

NEW AND RECENT PERIODICALS

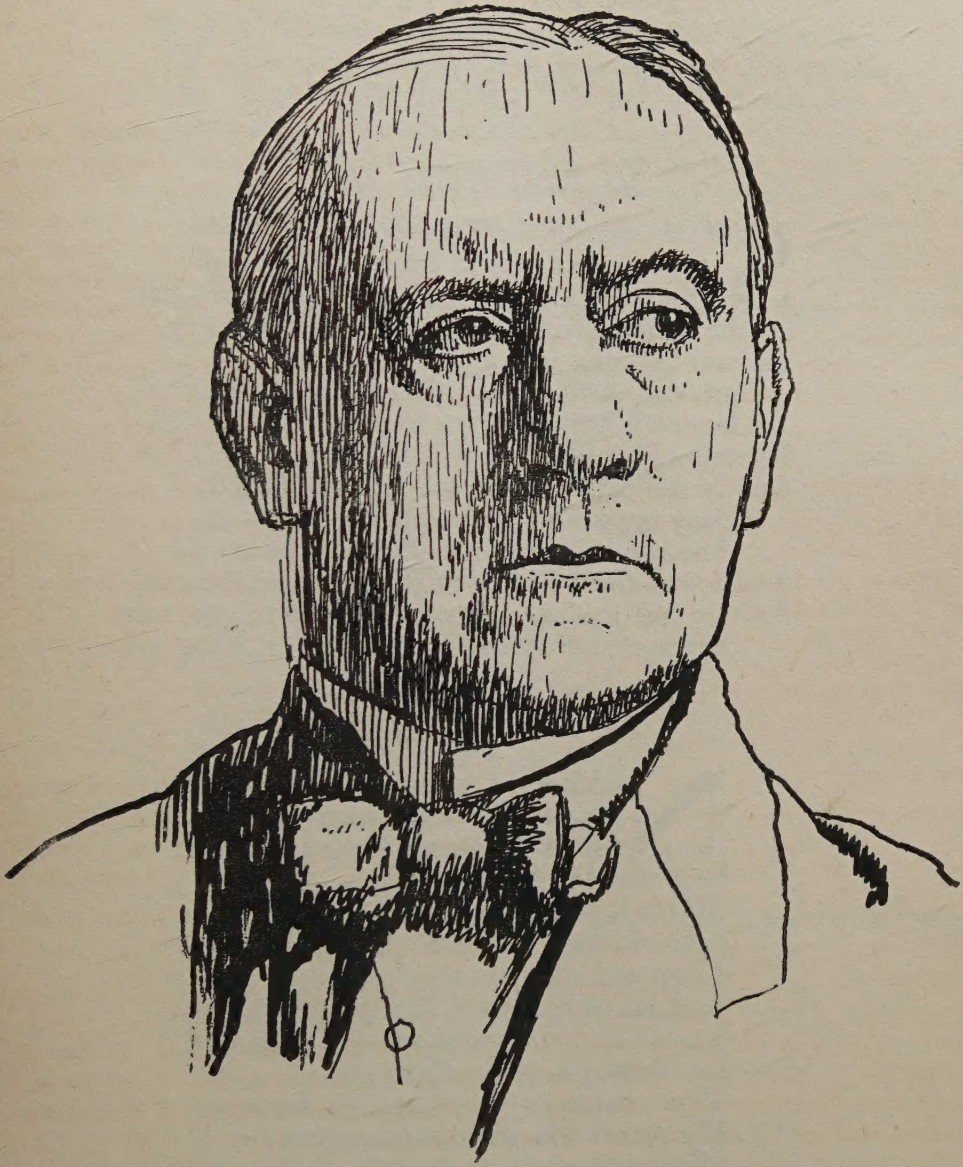
THE first issue of *Drawing and Design* states that this new shilling monthly aims at "dealing with the methods and principles of art old and new in such a way as to establish a comparative standard of appreciation." This results in a rather unwarrantable insistence on the "greatness" of the modern movement, and the stress of these three qualities—greatness, modernity and movement—takes on rather the air of an attempt to persuade that their conjunction is not incompatible than to prove that they are the result of an essential harmony. Among the most interesting contents of the number are two articles by Mr. W. Gaunt and Mr. Vernon Blake, a woodcut by Mr. Ethelbert White, and a study of Heads by Leonardo da Vinci. We look forward with interest to the next number.

DESIGNED as a companion journal to *Drawing and Design*, and, like it, issued from *The Studio*, *Commercial Art* is a gay, well-illustrated paper, one of the most engaging features of which is the review of the month's new advertising. The contents are, however, extremely varied; particularly we liked the reproductions of Mr. Bawden's designs for the Curwen Press and the articles on the work of Mr. Merrick and Mr. Wormald. In showing artists and advertisers that their work is under both criticism and appreciation, it seems to us that the paper cannot but have a beneficial effect upon this so-rapidly growing profession.

COSTING five shillings a quarter, *Old Master Drawings* is a magazine, which, primarily intended for students and collectors, should appeal to anyone interested in art. The drawings are sensitively reproduced, amongst them being a recently revealed Andrea del Sarto, and a Netherland School drawing of the *Rest on the Flight into Egypt*, from the Musée Bonnat at Bayonne.

VARIETY of subject and number of well-known names distinguish the August number of *The Reader*, the monthly journal of the National Home Reading Union. This is its first appearance in its new form, and its policy seems, for the price of sixpence, to fill its pages with matter many more pretentious reviews might envy. This issue contains articles and poems by Messrs. Conrad Aiken, J. B. Priestley, Geoffrey Dearmer, Frank Kendon, Edward Davison and others.

NEARLY thirty pages of *The Dublin Review* are given over to book-notices. Though the majority of them are somewhat provincial in outlook, the reviews of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's, Mr. Edward Thompson's and Miss Townsend Warner's books are good. It is pleasant, also, to meet the Irish view of Mr. O'Casey. The weakest side is the poetry, Mr. Higgins's taste in vowel-play being strange and Mr. Stuart's choice of visual pictures clammy. *The Dublin Review* is edited by Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan at an annual subscription rate of half-a-guinea.



Modern Portraits :
XLIV—JAMES PRYDE
by Powys Evans

POETRY

FIVE POEMS

"So this was all"

SO this was all there was to the great play
 She came so far to act in, this was all—
 Except the short last act and the slow fall
 Of the final curtain, that might catch half-way
 As final curtains do, and leave the grey
 Lorn end of things too long exposed. The hall
 Clapped faintly, and she took her curtain call
 Knowing how little she had left to say.
 And in the pause before the last act started,
 Slowly unpinning the roses she had worn,
 She reconsidered lines that had been said
 And found them hardly worthy the high-hearted
 Ardour that she had brought, nor the bright, torn
 Roses that shattered round her, dripping red.

The Appraisal

NEVER think she loves him wholly,
 Never believe her heart is blind,
 All his faults are locked securely
 In a closet of her mind ;
 All his indecisions folded
 Like old flags that time has faded,
 Limp and streaked with rain,
 And his cautiousness like garments
 Frayed and thin, with many a stain—
 Let them be, oh let them be,
 There is treasure to outweigh them,
 His proud will that sharply stirred
 Climbs as surely as the tide,
 Senses strained too taut to sleep,
 Gentleness to beast and bird,
 Humour flickering hushed and wide
 As the moon on moving water,
 And a tenderness too deep
 To be gathered in a word.

Two Minds

YOUR mind and mine are such great lovers, they
 Have freed themselves from cautious human clay,
 And on wild clouds of thought, naked together
 They ride above us, in extreme delight ;
 We see them, we look up with a lone envy,
 And watch them in their zone of crystal weather
 That changes not for winter or the night.

“ I lived in my life as a dream ”

I LIVED in my life as a dream,
 The unrest, the haste unending,
 Were as the unrest of a dream,
 The search was a search in a dream.
 But I said “ When I go home
 To the house we have known together,
 I shall tear myself out of this web
 Of spidery silver.
 The man’s voice that waked me
 (If ever I was awakened),
 I can call to mind in that house . . .
 But when I had opened that door,
 When I stood again in that room
 It was empty,
 I could not recall
 The way his voice lived and its low
 Beating and violent beauty.
 I only knew it was lovely—I could not remember its ways.

The chairs, the curtains, the cushions
 That had lived in that river of sound
 So many and many a night,
 They were saturated with sound
 Of the voice that I tried to hear,
 Left me still in the stillness.
 Then I cried to my mind
 “ Call it back ! Is memory nothing at all
 But a place to lose one’s treasures ? ”
 Yet only the dusty voices
 Of many another came calling
 In a thin confusion and clamour—
 The voice that I loved was not there ;

I remembered all it had seemed like,
 I could not capture itself.
 I said, " It is peaceful as mountains
 Vague and great in the moonlight ;
 It is clear as the word
 Of a cow-bell far off through soft rain
 In a place of moist fragrance and foliage ;
 It is heavy as the eternal
 Unanswered questions of man ;
 Insistent as the sudden
 Call of a plucked violin-string "—
 Ugh—these are words, I shall be
 Beseeching my brain no more.
 Let that sound be lost in my heart—
 Let me live out my life as a dream.

" Beautiful, proud sea "

CARELESS forever, beautiful, proud sea,
 You laugh in happy thunder all alone,
 You fold upon yourself, you dance your dance
 Impartially on drift-weed, sand or stone.

You make us believe that we can outlive death,
 You make us for an instant, for your sake,
 Burn, like stretched silver of a wave
 Not breaking, but about to break.

SARA TEASDALE

In a Wood Clearing

I

ALL night I wearied utterly of the pillow of darkness
 In hope of the dawn, knowing it should bring me,
 In one soft word, a joy that is past understanding.
 Now stirs the morning breeze with thoughts of the clover
 Bent by the bees, with thoughts of the balsam trees ;
 But I go with dreams sweeter by far—with dreams of a maiden
 Sloping to loveliness up from her finger tips.

High in the wilderness there is a clearing
That gluts itself all day with the sunshine.
Here is the rain soonest forgotten ; here the slim shadows
Of bending trees run in and away again
Like children at play. Here I come this high morning,
Robed in the freshness of dawn, and here I wait
In a delicious confusion, knowing not whether
'Tis my heart that beats or her step that falls
On the wood mosses of gray, green and silver.

And here, splashed by the sun, I sit wondering
Which shall bend lower the head of rye clover—
The bee or the wind. The transparent dragonflies
Hovering, watch with me and the birch leaves applaud;
Their green-gloved fingers joyously clapping.

She comes now out of the wood, her long hair tossing
Darkness out of its tangle. The woodpecker thumps
On the tree to outdistance my heart.
Now I know who taught the willow its grace
And the flower its abundance of sweetness ; now I know
Where the curve in the wind found its pattern.

II

All day we sat in a clearing, under a great tree,
Holding the leash of the runaway hours in our hands.
Sometimes we shut our eyes and offered vague guesses
Which was the voice of the lake at our feet
And which was the cry of the cool, liquid poplar—
That mimic of water. Thus we were startled by dusk
Ere we were quite aware the young dawn had departed.
How easily slips night into the forest ; it is black wine
Into black wine. What a fine tussle with light in this clearing
Hath darkness : proudly it gains this place.

It was she who spoke first of the home-going ;
Perhaps, in a woman's way, just to be sure in her heart
That I was reluctant to leave her, so we stayed,
Stayed till the bronze moon grew pale from its climbing,
Stayed till the night was an octoroon lovely to see.
The air was so silent that even the whip-poor-wills dared not sing ;
Nor could we hear aught save the rhythmic advance of our hearts
And the wash of her hair that fell about me like rain.

WILSON MACDONALD

Frost

LARGER than life the blackbirds go
 Upon the emphasizing snow,
 Their yellow bills are yellower
 Than they have ever been.
 It is as if the Frost had cried—
 “Behold at last your countryside
 Shorn of her prettiness revealed
 In loveliness she long concealed
 In rustling gold and green.”
 It is as if dear Nature’s dance
 Of leaves upon the trees
 Was but the froth of utterance
 On lovelier silences ;
 As if the arresting hand of Frost
 Had kept what Summer found and lost,
 Had laid the bones of England bare
 And found a greater glory where
 He pencilled trees on the cold hill-side
 Against the cold white air.

GEOFFREY DEARMER

FIVE POEMS

The Magic Hour

FORGET, forget the tyranny of sleep,
 And the unconquerable weariness
 Which doth our hearts persistently assail.
 Forget the tempting tenderness of dreams,
 Their plumed beauty, and their empty woe,
 The phantom echo of our fallen tears.

Forget, while we surrender to this deep
 And magic hour, our faltering distress,
 As we with waking dreams o’er sleep prevail
 On winged fantasy : the dark house seems
 So still : at rest the incessant feet which go
 To weave by day the fabric of our fears.

Night-heavy are the sighing trees outside ;
The distant glories of a hidden world
Gather within their branches whispering,
As a migrating flock of birds at last
Rests in a far country. Is it a dream
That we within the branches hear their wings ?

These visitants of beauty, which confide
Their secret to a few, have here enfurled
Their pinions, in the darkness fluttering ;
May we not snatch, before the night is past,
And the last bird flown, one feather which may seem
A symbol of the whispered song it sings ?

Now and Then

I USED to think that anything might happen
When the early sun streamed through my window
To spread in widening ripples on my blanket
As a tide rises on a wind-crossed shore-sand
Until it reached my face upon the pillow,
Till I could feel it touch my lips and eyelids
And through my eyelids see the red blood pulsing,
And feel its burning brightness on my forehead,
Till all my hair, and every hair was flaming.
I used to think it lit a strange excitement ;
I used to think that anything might happen.

I used to think that anything might happen
When in the dawn I left the tall house sleeping
With blinded windows in the morning sunlight.
The tall house in those fragrant filmy mornings
Wore a queer look of somebody in nightdress
When all the world was up and proud and busy.
The crunching cows slipped through the steaming grasses,
The horses fretted at the meadow gateway,
And little rabbits skipped upon the lawn plots,
While I ran barefoot through the dew wet rushes.
I used to think a thousand birds were singing ;
I used to think that anything might happen.

I do not think that anything might happen
 Now when the sun shines through the open window
 From a bright sky in early summer mornings
 And warmly spreads along my night-tossed blanket.
 It seems the touch, the welcome touch of friendship,
 Or the accustomed fingers of a servant.
 Turning I murmur—Ah ! there is the sunshine !
 At all events to-day may bring fine weather :
 And comfortably lean towards the shadow,
 To tempt a little sleep to go on sleeping,
 To tempt a little dream to go on dreaming,
 To dream again that anything might happen.

“ . . . *Another Man's Poison* ”

OH ! fol-de-rol-ray-do
 I dressed in my best,
 With the stars in my eyes,
 And the moon at my breast,
 And the sun in my hair ;
 While the sheen of my gown
 Was of the mist on the bracken
 And soft as swan's down.

With a girdle of pebbles
 Still wet from the stream,
 And for jewels the dewdrops
 Which hold the sun's beam.
 My necklace a chain
 Of forget-me-not sweet,
 And two little red roses
 For shoes on my feet.

Though I stood close beside him
 As near as could be—
 Oh ! fol-de-rol-ray-do
 He did not see me !
 And what did I care
 Though he did not see me !
 With a fol-de-rol-ray-do.

Oh ! fol-de-rol-ray-do
 I sang him a song
 Which is ever too short
 Which is never too long,
 Of the robin, the owl,
 And the little brown bee,
 And the small mole who burrows
 As deep as can be

To hide from our sight.
 I sang of the crying
 Of gulls in the dawn,
 I sang of the sighing
 Of wind in the corn,
 Of sunshine and rain.
 And when my song ended
 I sang it again !

Oh ! fol-de-rol-ray-do,
 As a frog I must sing,
 For I saw very plain
 He was not listening !
 And what did I care
 He was not listening !
 With a fol-de-rol-ray-do.

Division

I WOULD speak wisely. But across my mind
 Folly hath drawn the shadow of her blind.
 Where darkly hid she doth hold all in sway,
 And with unwisdom, wisdom turns away.

I would speak gently. But my gentleness
 Hath forged herself a dagger of distress,
 As living steel beneath the hammer rings
 Hardening gently to ungentle things.

I would speak justly. But throughout my brain
 Rises an ever widening surge of pain ;
 My thoughts are wind-drift of a broken sea
 Where in injustice, justice hides from me.

I would speak true ; but truth deceit hath caught
 And double-faced sets all my words at naught.

This and That

HE sat :
The object of her dear delight,
As slow between them both a silence spread
And deeper fell until the bright fire-light
Seemed darker than the coal which it consumed.
Unconscious of her dear delight,
He sat.

He sat :
The object of her cold collapse.
Between them both within a silence still
Flit phantom days of pitiful mishaps.
She looked upon this hour and upon that :
Unconscious of her cold collapse,
He sat.

EVEREST LEWIN

A COCK-AND-BULL STORY

By C. E. MONTAGUE

There is a form in these things, Madam,
there is a form.

Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs.

WHEN the English and French went to war with the Germans, the enemy's armies were not the only dragons that had to be met in the path. There was that dragonesque lady, Propriety, too. For war hath her own etiquette, not less imperious than peace's. If Sir John French had sent that free-and-easy letter to Joffre, or if Haig had not paid that call upon Foch, who knows where the world might be now?

"Well," you may say, "do not all of us walk, all our days, along the greased pole of polite observance, trying to keep our precarious balance between right and left hand abysses of social incorrectness? Yet we survive." Yes, but on the Western Front there was the inadjustable to adjust. Each Allied Army had its own hierarchy of ranks, dear to its bosom and sacred in its eyes. And not one rank in either really corresponded to any rank in the other. You couldn't tell, within a dozen millimetres, where you were.

Four of us, English and French, lay on our tummies and talked it all out in the friendliest way between eight and nine on a baking hot morning, near a brigade head-quarters in France. General Wyse, the brigade commander, was there—a delight to sympathetic eyes, he was so neatly and normally made, so clean in the tooth, so sunnily red and brown cheeked, so unwrinkled, so pleasantly sure of himself—a healthy boy forty years old and never yet worried by any serious insurrection of the world against his composure. There was also old Gaston Leroux, a French writer—rather famous, I fancy. Leroux kept on glancing at Wyse—couldn't keep his eyes off him. Leroux was in love with the type, like some American girls new to England. Leroux was a prize Anglomaniac, French people said. That was why he was now on our front, as a guest. I was his pilot. "Give him a jolly good show," were my orders. "He got mobbed in Paris, about 1900, for saying we weren't such swine as they thought." Then there was Jelf, Staff-Captain to Wyse. He was nothing to look at, and didn't say much—a man of few interests, so I had heard, beyond just winning the war.

Before us a randy gay waste of rank poppies, corn-flowers, convolvulus, thistles and relics of old peace-time mustard and wheat sloped away up to a low sky-line ridge a good mile to the East. We all looked that way as we

lay, with our heads slightly raised. A dusty white road, on our right, ran due East up the slope, topped the ridge and disappeared over it. Under the ridge, on our side of it, two thick little woods stood, one on each side of the road, as if guarding it.

Just what they were doing, confound them; Wyse told Leroux: "The Boche line is just over the ridge. Ours is three hundred yards down the slope on this side. But Fritz holds the two woods in between—sort of outposts in front of his front. The road separates the French front from the British."

The Frenchman's eyes sparkled. "An English sentry, then, stands on this side of the road?"

"That's right," said Wyse.

"And a French one on the other?"

"Yes."

"It is beautiful, that," the old boy murmured softly. He seemed fairly to doat, for a while, on the notion of those two sentries. Then he had a good look at the two little blobs of dark woodland—almost black now with the strong sun at their backs—and at the white road running between the two as if they were gate-posts. "My God!" he murmured. "What a chance! What a portal for comrades to enter!"

The emotional touch made the Brigadier wince. For my own part I was used to it. Besides, you couldn't help liking that Frenchie. Somehow gush wasn't mere gush when he talked it. There was a kind of wise child's unknowingness in him, though he was seventy-two. It caused you to take from him meekly what would have made you want to lynch anyone else. Only the evening before, when I was taking him back from the front, we had met a Company of the Devons marching up to relieve, and before I could check Leroux he had stood up in the car, hat off, and said, in his good English, to the whole blessed column of route: "My dear, dear boys, how can I thank you enough?" Of course the men felt like fools, but not one of them jeered. Simply marvellous.

"Well, if that's what you're after," said Wyse, "you've come to the right shop to-day."

Leroux looked as if he had only lived for this morning.

"We're just pushing off," the General said, "My little Brigade and a few French battalions commanded by Colonel Dunois. Jelf will explain."

Jelf started instantly, the way men can when their minds are full of one thing. "It's a minor operation," he said to Leroux. "Before any big push can be made, we must have the two woods—Bull Wood and Cock Wood we call them—the Gallic Cock, you know, Sir, and John Bull. Neither wood can be taken alone, for the unattacked one could smash with its enfilade fire any troops attacking the other. So the movement *must* be simultaneous. Your men are to go for Cock Wood, on their side of the road, the very second that we tackle Bull Wood, on ours. We put in four British tanks, two for our wood and two to help you with yours."

Leroux grabbed out his watch and asked eagerly, "And you start—we both start—at—?"

"At 8.55 the tanks cross our front line," Jelf explained. "Yours too; of course, the Tanks start behind scratch. So the Infantry wait till they're up, give 'em twenty more seconds, and then join the dance."

Leroux looked at his watch. "Then in twenty-five minutes from now—" "And a quarter," said Jelf.

Wyse seemed to feel he must bate, for a guest's tender ear, the sharp edge of the worthy Jelf's pedantic precision. "You see," he said, "Monsieur Leroux, we soldiers have to be a bit fussy about the odd minutes and seconds. If only you knew all the headwork that goes to a push. Golly! the programme I've sent round to Colonel Dunois—details of objectives, pace of all movements, right time by my watch, to a tick, and lots more! Dunois must be thanking his gods that all this coolie-work falls on me. I'm a demi-semi sort of a General body, you see, and so I call the tune, though I haven't a doubt in the world that Dunois's ten times the man that I am."

"You are a man of heart, Sir," said Leroux. "Ah, the change since the tragic first months of the war! We can talk of them now, you and I, as of Jeanne d'Arc and Calais—of all the 'old, unhappy, far-off things' that sundered us once."

"People stood on their dignity, did they?" said Wyse, interested.

Leroux sighed. "The stickling for 'rights' that there was! The mountaineering on molehills!" Really, his English was topping.

"Anyone's fault in particular?" Wyse spoke rather guardedly.

"We French were the worse of the two. It is so, is it not, as soon as a tiff between brothers is over? Each can see then that he was the worse of the two. Besides, we were excited, we French—we had so longed for the good Papa Joffre to command!"

"He being," said Wyse, "at the time, a —?"

Leroux said almost eagerly, "Merely a General of Division, no more. And French a Field-Marshal."

"Bit of a snag for you—eh?" said Wyse, smiling. "Field-Marshal's a bad card to beat."

"Oh, but unbeatable," said Leroux. "And yet people argued. Joffre, some said, was really a Marshal of France, in the sight of the good God, only we hadn't dared call anyone Marshal, out loud, since the Empire, lest he turn Cæsar. Rights! Rights! As if one's rights mattered, with the sky falling!"

"Well, thanks be," said Wyse, "it's well over now, as you say, and we can talk freely. French, you see, held the big trump. Of course our Army was pottily small. And French was no good at the job. But, frankly, with that rank of his, he ought to have run the whole show. It's just as well that he didn't, or we'd have been pushed off the cliffs at Boulogne. Still, he ought to have, strictly."

"Tanks are off, Sir," said Jelf. He had not unglued his eyes once from his field-glass during this exciting conversation.

II

Wyse paused. Four seemingly commonplace patches of that flowery wilderness had begun to shake themselves free of their holiday colours, come out as queerly-shaped slugs and crawl away into the East. At the same time the woodpecker tapping of many machine guns, before and behind and beside us, had started. Jelf expounded—we were putting down a machine-gun barrage on the ridge, to make enemy reinforcements unhappy. Nothing more. No artillery this journey.

Tanks crawled slowly in those days. A quarter of an hour, good, would elapse before our infantry moved. So Wyse could go on. And, with no guns at work, we could hear him. "It never would do," he resumed, "to have anyone's standing left vague in an army, or in two armies acting together. To do his best, a man must know what rung he stands on. Some people think of ranks in an army as just a few level terraces—all the privates on one, all the captains on another—so on. It isn't like that. It can't be. It has to be all single file, up one ladder, right from your last man enlisted to-day, up to your senior Field-Marshal. Else, what will happen? A last stand, perhaps, and everyone dead but three privates, and none of 'em knowing which ought to take charge. Absolute chaos!"

Wyse spoke with spirit, the matter lying close to his heart. Jelf, I'm afraid, didn't listen. Leroux obviously tried both to see the march of events and to hear the wisdom of Wyse. I tried to see the events and to look as if I were only listening to Wyse. The tanks were winding deviously up the variegated slope. Two had crossed the road and were coiling towards Cock Wood. They were so very slug-like that I found myself fearing the white dust of the road might dry their bellies fatally, like those of worms caught by the sun while crossing dry gravel. They got across, though. They still had a short way to go before crossing the front line, so the Brigadier had time yet to curl a good tail to his argument. All this punctilio about a man's rank was not, he told us, mere swank. It was good professional conduct. He quoted Shakespeare about it—*Othello*, I think—how "the great wars make ambition virtue." Very apt, I thought, with the disengaged half of my mind.

Wyse fully admitted it took a man trouble to practise this virtue. "The letter-writing is the very deuce," he said, "to get right—when to begin '*Mon Général*' and when '*Cher Général*' and when just '*Général*.' Your language, Monsieur Leroux, is so frightfully expressive, if I may say so."

Leroux said gently: "There is a refuge in trouble—the method of Joffre."

Wyse perked up. "Eh?" he asked eagerly. He had an honest desire, I'm sure, to quit himself well in these high matters, and therefore to learn all he could.

"You have heard," asked Leroux, "of General Galliéni? He is a 'grand old man' as you would say, of our army. Years ago now some bad French politicians wished Galliéni were dead. So they cast him away on an island, like Prospero, Robinson Crusoe and other respectable persons. The island was Madagascar. He was to be Governor—a post of disablement—merely civilian. Then even worse happened. There came a native revolt in the island. Fighting to do, but none for poor Galliéni because his post was civilian. He is one of my friends and he wrote to me sadly. Paris, he wrote, had sent out some Colonel of whom Galliéni had never heard, to command the French troops in the field. 'The name,' he wrote, 'of this wretch is Joffre.' And then comes 1914 and Galliéni is Military Governor of Paris, but Joffre is Commander-in-Chief. And Joffre has letters of duty to write to the senior whom fate had now made his junior. Will he begin them just '*Général*'? That were to say, 'See, my fine fellow, how I have passed over your head?' Or '*Mon Général*'? That were to abdicate his own rank. No, he begins '*Mon cher camarade*,' and Galliéni is touched and no porcelain is broken."

Wyse was obviously struck with the subtlety of this expedient. "Bit of a brain-wave," he said. He could not quite stomach the "*camarade*" business. Too French, you know—the sloppy emotional touch. Still, he was struck. "We can't all be so gifted," he said. "Don't write at all is my notion. When you're in doubt, send word of mouth by an officer. Hullo, Le Bon," he broke off. "Glad to see you."

Captain Le Bon, the French Intelligence man who went to and fro between Wyse and Dunois, had really been with us for a full minute, though Wyse had not noticed, being too busy.

"Wasn't that, Sir," said Captain Le Bon, "the notion of Field-Marshal French, for controlling our poor Lanrezac?" Le Bon's tones and manners were all of the best quality velvet. As soon as you heard him you asked yourself, "When are the claws coming out?"

"Oh, that was a common old cat-and-dog case," said Wyse, lightly. "Their neck hairs went bristly at sight."

"God will, no doubt, allow due weight to that," said Le Bon.

I felt the air was tingling with things left unsaid. What would come next? But Jelf interrupted. "Things going on, Sir," he said—"on the ridge, right of road."

We looked at the place indicated. All the tanks, much shot at, but not knocked out, had gained the edges of the two woods and vanished into their green gloom. From Bull Wood there came no sign that its garrison cared. But in Cock Wood the two British tanks seemed at once to have pulled out a plug like the one that drains a wash-basin. Out of one of the wood's far corners, the one near the road, German soldiers were pouring—

streaming away obliquely over the ridge. Many carried machine-guns in bits. As each retreating man gained the crest of the ridge he looked big against the clear sky for an instant ; then he seemed to dive headlong into the relative safety beyond. Tanks often had a rich moral influence in those days of their youth, but this stampede was a marvel.

Wyse turned to Le Bon. "There's your wood, swept and garnished." In his elation the General used a gesture of off-hand munificence.

Old Leroux's heart, you could see, was ringing joy-bells and singing *Te Deums*. Jelf was chuckling to himself. Le Bon's was the only blank face. "My God!" he exclaimed, to himself more than to us, "If our men were there now!"

Wyse let his glass drop, and stared round. "Not there?" he said harshly.

Le Bon stiffened at once. "I came to convey, Sir," he said, "the answer of Colonel Dunois to your last verbal message—"

Wyse snapped out, "Why didn't you, then?"

"The great interest, Sir, of what you were then busy in saying, forbade interruption. Colonel Dunois would be glad to hear when you have taken Bull Wood—Cock Wood will then be attacked by French troops."

The anger of Wyse made his agreeable face the whitest I ever saw on a British General. "He let my men go in alone!" he said with a kind of savage super-restraint. "He has left our two tanks unsupported!"

A horrible silence followed. I liked it none the better because the two tanks in Cock Wood had just fallen silent, as if their astonishing victory had killed them. Jelf, I suppose, had some characteristic impulse to get people back from passion to business. Could Colonel Dunois, he asked of Le Bon, have misunderstood the General's instructions?

Le Bon made a gesture of what I can only call argumentative despair. Could nothing ever make its way into these islanders' brains? I think he meant that. In rapid French he entreated Leroux to help the General to understand that French regimental Colonels did not receive "instructions" from foreign commanders, however described, of smaller bodies of troops.

But Leroux broke out in a distress of his own. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he cried in English, "we wait, we talk, we think of precedence, and all the time the British tank men are alone in the wood." He looked from one angry face to the other, as if he were begging for alms. But Wyse had all he could do to keep his mouth shut as tight as Le Bon's, and Le Bon was about as dead white with fury as Wyse. I understood. French officers hated and scorned our habit of playing the fool with badges of rank—making men Colonels for writing in arm-chairs at home and nicknaming them Brigadier-Generals if they commanded three scratch battalions. And now France was asked to play second fiddle in order to keep up one of these shams! They were long-dammed-up waters of rage that the unwitting Wyse had let loose.

III

While Leroux wrung his impotent hands, affairs in the East were not so kind as to pause. On Cock Wood, it is true, absolute stillness had settled. It had the queerest air of sinister innocence. Quite a good patch of sea may have that nasty appearance when you have just seen a coffin dumped into it. But Bull Wood was another affair; no sort of innocence there; just a straight pandemonic set-to. We could not actually see our Infantry having it out with the Germans: the leaves hid the hand-to-hand business; but all the wood smoked to Heaven like one burning bush. No one outside could tell who was where by this time; so our guns kept quiet, lest they should hit our own men; but the enemy gunners seemed to feel that it was more to the purpose to try to hit Tommy than not to risk hitting Fritz; they peppered the whole wood as though with a castor.

"More to come, too," grunted Jelf. "They haven't yet switched on to Bull the guns they had got trained on Cock," and sure enough the next minute a double aspersion of shells of all sizes banged down on Bull Wood like a curse.

Leroux must have thought that no living thing, as they say, could go on living for many minutes under that pelting. "My General, will you permit me," he pleaded to Wyse, "to hasten to Colonel Dunois—to tell him? He need only know the bare fact—your men's danger—to rush to their aid."

But there I came in with my little P's and my little Q's to be minded. G.H.Q.'s commands were explicit. No visitor in my charge was, on any pretext, either to put a foot over the edge of the British war zone or to do anything within it but look on. So nothing happened. Leroux went on wringing his hands. That I was free to permit. Wyse, with a gesture, washed his hands clean of self-blame. For full twenty minutes, since the Entente had first creaked, we lay doing nothing and suffering much. No slow death for me. I tried one that morning.

Then the leaning pillar of smoke and dust over Bull Wood thinned out a little, the run of detonations of all sorts slowed down to a fairly lively allegro, and lo! released like a pent cry, an exultant rocket, all pale in the sun, rushed up from the tops of the trees, paused in the clean air above and shook out its handful of stars to float like some bejewelled benediction over the men who had fought down the enemy while their betters squabbled with their friends.

"Got it," Jelf breathed.

Leroux's face was astream with positive tears. "The good men! The good common men!" he kept on repeating.

"We'll never hold it, though," said Jelf to Wyse, "if the French give Fritz time to come back to Cock and enfilade Bull. Could we prod 'em a bit, Sir?"

It cost Wyse a manifest pang to have any communication again with Dunois the untouchable. Still, duty was duty. "Bull Wood," he said to Le Bon, "is now in my hands—will you have the goodness to tell Colonel Dunois?" I suppose he couldn't help adding, in his elation and his resentment, "Cock Wood to let, with vacant possession—apply to our caretaker on the premises."

Le Bon glared, but it's fair to say he went off like a stag. He knew what was what, without any taunting from Wyse—that Cock Wood was anyone's for a few minutes more, Germany's or France's, whichever chose to walk in first—and also that Bull Wood must go with Cock Wood in the end. It was one of those races, pretty common in war, that may start before either competitor knows that he has to run for it.

After our happy thrill we returned to hungry expectancy. Cock Wood was dreadfully quiet. There the unbefriended state of our two tanks had turned their raid into the wildest of bluffs: why were they not coming back while they could—that or raising a deuce of a racket to keep up the bluff, lest Fritz come to his senses and call it? Was their forlorn foray ended already?

"We're done, Sir," Jelf said suddenly. "Same place: ridge, right of road."

We looked: what we saw was a sudden enlivenment of the sky-line. Scores of figures swarmed black upon the ridge again, each of them a sharp dark silhouette for an instant, then a dim shape moving on a dark background. Many carried machine-guns in parts. All hurried down obliquely towards the north-east corner of Cock Wood. It was just the old stream of traffic, only reversed. By what had before served it as a waste pipe, the wood was re-filling with enemies.

"We'll get Hell, neat," said Jelf, "on that right flank, unless the French play up."

Wyse was restlessly cursing. "Oh, damn them!" "God blast them!" "Hell take them!" But over the place, a little short of Cock Wood, where the French front line ran invisible, there was no stir but a quiet heat haze winking lazily; not a sign of life; it was as if the war were long over and all these war deserts left to themselves, to muse in the sun.

But Fritz used his time. Cock Wood may have taken twelve minutes or so to re-fill. But when it did open its enfilading fire on Bull Wood, across the white road, the whole of that edge of Cock Wood spat like one cat. You could see all along it the shiver of leaves as the breath from the machine guns' muzzles blew them. To back up this bespatterment there came the most copious consputation of the day from the enemy's artillery of all sizes. From near and far out, on his right and left flanks, high-explosive, gas and shrapnel shells converged on little Bull Wood as the sticks of an open fan run in on the handle. More than ever the wood seemed to be burning alive at a stake; it stood in a top-heavy pillar of smoke, with bleared splashes of flame showing dully through the reek and the verdure.

A light easterly air had got up ; it brought us the heliotrope scent of German tear gas and a whiff of the smell of butchers' shops in hot weather—the war had vulgarised this stink.

Wyse snuffed it up and groaned, " God ! Will that slug never start ? "

" I know the lingo a bit, Sir," said Jelf. " Shall I go across and suck up to Dunois ? "

" Squeal for help to that stoat ? " muttered Wyse, with disdain. I suppose he had not had enough yet of that meaty aroma.

So Jelf did not go. But next moment brought Wyse an apparition a little of which can go a long way. We all saw it. Out of the edge of Bull Wood, on our side of it, two or three men emerged running like little boys chased from a field by a farmer ; then more and more, in no sort of order—a whole mob running like hares ; then the wood itself seemed to take sides against them, as though kicking them out ; it fired into their backs as they ran ; a lot of them rolled over ; besides, there were details that you might dislike. Wyse did. They broke him. These men were his men. Brigadier as he was now, he had been a Colonel, and Colonels are fathers ; and twenty minutes ago these men had been heroes, in whom an unbearable fate that was no fault of theirs was now quelling the manhood. " Run like the devil ! " he shouted to Jelf. " Say any damn thing to Dunois. Lick his boots if you like."

Jelf was up like a shot. But he had not to go. Le Bon was back, out of breath, his face full of solicitude. His Colonel's compliments, he said, and the French were advancing.

We saw them now. No trench of theirs was in sight, as you know ; poppies and yellow weeds hid it. But out of these masses of yellow and red a line of living blue had arisen and was rushing through the shimmering haze of heat and light—an amazing projection of man's vehemence across the opiate drowsing of Nature. Not for a moment did they amble, as charging infantry commonly did in this war : they hurled themselves at the block of dark copse before them like a great wind or wave bearing down on a mark—with that appearance of having momentum enough to break worlds. The French privates must have got the tip that we were in bad trouble and time pressing, for I never saw troops go that pace before or after ; it showed me how Frenchmen must have charged in their old wars under Napoleon, when nothing in Europe could stand up to them.

I could hear Wyse softly gasping " Thank God ! " to himself, like a man who has just had some oil put on a burn, and Leroux letting his breath out as if he must have held it for the devil of a time, and Jelf sparing a second of his attention to touch Leroux's arm and say, " *C'est beau, ça !* " The Frenchman flushed up with gratitude.

It was certainly *beau* ; but not business. The Germans were ready. And now they were disengaged from other cares, for all Bull Wood was theirs again, safe enough. " One down, t'other come on " is a capital plan for a strong third party who fights single-handed—better by far than to have

both opponents come at him at once. In an instant Cock Wood and its many embowered machine-guns seemed to lose all interest in Bull Wood. The whole armament might, by the look of the thing, have whirled round on one swivel to play its multitudinous jets of bullets on the perforable flesh of those rushing Frenchmen's stomachs. As well might a naked neck hope to defeat the falling knife of a good guillotine. As far as I could see, the whole charging line was laid out on the poppies in one minute. Another line rose in its rear and rushed forward ; then a third line rose. But the enemy's men were now sure of themselves and at ease ; the scything down of each successive line became more business-like than the last ; the third performance was so prompt that the men in blue had scarcely time to stand upright before they were down, to remain as a bar of new colour in the gay coverlet of the slope.

IV

That ended the agenda of the meeting. The Brigadier and Jelf cleared out : they had orders to give and the bad news to 'phone. But the rest of us lingered a little ; Le Bon reluctant, I fancied, to part with so shining a light of his race as Leroux—these Frenchmen think a lot of their big writing people ; also I thought I would let the old boy rub his wounds for a minute or two before meeting his eyes and fetching him home. So I kept on looking out through my glasses at the beautiful and worthless prairie where all this mess had been made. Under the strengthening sunshine a lustrous, sabbatical peace had settled down on it all. The benign light rested as tranquilly on Bull Wood as a mild winter moon shines upon an English copse the night after a shoot, when the pheasants hit but not gathered during the day are bleeding to death or trying to fly with bones broken.

Even now, though, a few atoms were moving ; if you looked closely enough you found them. Near the road of white dust I made out a thing like a caterpillar, half blue and half brown, winding its way up towards the front. I examined it. No ; not like a caterpillar ; that's a continuous thing ; this was a queue of dots, more like one of the long trains of ants that form single file, if you kick their hill over, and set about reconstructing the home. Each dot, I soon saw, was the bust of a man walking in some shallow trench that half hid him ; and, like the ants, every bust carried a load in what looked like a sack. The twelve busts that went first were all blue, and the other twelve brown.

Clearly it was a rationing party, half British, half French, bringing up food to the troops in the line. But why should French and British fatigue parties thus shog up together ? It was an irregularity almost—the whole caravan was on our side of the road, and strictly speaking, the French twelve were trespassing. I asked Le Bon. He shrugged ; he said it was

a sort of habit the men on both sides of the road had got into—he couldn't think why; he said the fatigue men of the two nations wangled it so as to go up together—one or the other lot hurried or loafed to make it come so.

Some enemy airman was out playing pointer to some German gunner who liked a little rough shooting over a dog, or under him; only the one big gun, a fifteen incher or so, out fancy sniping, and that indistinct moth tumbling about in the blue overhead must just have sent word of the khaki-and-blue caravan. First the hulking sniper dropped a shell a little ahead of the party, then one a little astern of its rear; then one on the road to its right; then one in the poppies out thirty yards to the left. For some moments after each burst the jogging caravan was hidden in smoke; then it appeared again, all of it, still jogging steadily on. A fifth cloud of smoke burst, expanded and thinned off to leeward, and now the four and twenty had come down to twelve—ten blues still plodding on under their burdens in front, then a break, then two browns, who had stopped. The gunner had got the range.

"Are you looking?" I said to Leroux.

"Yes, yes," he said quickly. No doubt he had seen nothing else but that caravan, from the moment Le Bon had said what it was. Then I heard a passionate mutter, not to me nor to Le Bon, "For the love of God, go back and help them!"

As if the ten specks of blue far out in the landscape had heard, they halted and drew back across the bull's eye, so to speak, of the enemy's target, towards the two specks of brown. For the next minute I could not see what they were doing. Various reasons prevented me. Then the queue of laden ants took shape again. It was just half its old length.

"You saw?" I said to Leroux. I had perceived that the ten living blues, as well as the remnant of two browns, were now laden with two sacks apiece.

Of course he had seen. He replied in an odd, airy way, like a man a bit light in the head after some strain. "The French corporal swore a great oath—very coarse. He halted his men. He said only 'The English must eat,' and the men only grunted some vulgar words. Then they went back for the dead Englishmen's sacks."

"I hope to God," I said, "your Corporal knows how to drive a spent horse till it drops." I thought of the gleeful eyes overhead and the wireless message already gone down to the gun—"Got 'em, do it again!" or whatever the Germans say for our airmen's "O.K." "Oh, good man," I thought, the next second; the menaced party were pushing along as though their loads had been halved and not doubled.

Leroux was jabbering on, in his wondrous good English, the same freakish narrative stuff—mad, but good in a way, for he seemed to have dreamt what was really likely enough. "The English corporal walked last; so he escaped. The French corporal looked at the Englishman's

sleeve and said, 'Who commands here? You or I?' And the Englishman said to him, 'Oo bloody cares? You can 'ave it, but get a move on,' and so they went on and were saved. Oh, my God!"

The sixth shell had come. But the little party were clear. No blame to airman or gunner; the burst was plumb on the same spot where the fifth had occasioned the crisis which etiquette, in Leroux's vision, had failed to intensify. The smoke cleared to show us the tail of the party sloping down briskly out of the daylight into a safe covered way that led up to the actual front. The combatants' grub was secure. As the last man was just disappearing he half turned his head, I suppose, for the sweat on his face suddenly flashed in the sun like a mirror, almost dazzlingly.

"See!" exclaimed Leroux. "The English corporal! He heliographs."

"A message, Sir?" Le Bon asked deferentially.

"The message," said Leroux, "that common Englishmen send always—just 'There's sense in everything.' The message of Molière."

Le Bon reflected.

THE MERITRITZKY CONCERTO

By SIEGFRIED SASOON

MY train arrived at Milan towards the end of a drizzling grey afternoon. Having arranged to break my journey there and go on to Florence next morning, I had wired for a room at the *Hotel Mazzini*, which had been recommended to me as quiet and comfortable. The *Mazzini* was more than quiet and comfortable; it was an exemplary "family hotel" which had, apparently, preserved its traditions; it had an air of being ready to receive a German Grand-Duke at a moment's notice without the least embarrassment.

As I sat in the lounge hall half-an-hour before dinner, I watched an assortment of slightly dowdy people emerging from the lift or entering it. None of them seemed likely to resent the absence of a jazz band. A few of them were sitting, as I was, in austere upholstered chairs; most of them, myself among them, perused vaguely the pages of obsolete illustrated papers. The one which I had selected was the *American Musical News*, a periodical which made no pretence of being anything but a vehicle for the advertisement of world-famous virtuosos and those innumerable products of *conservatoires* who aspire to equal or excel them. My eyes rested on a paragraph about Paderewski, who, it seemed, had recently roused the music-lovers of Milwaukee to rapturous enthusiasm, after creating his customary *furor* in Chicago. While I was absorbing this information I became aware that someone was emulating Paderewski in an apartment overhead. This muffled music impressed itself on my critical faculty as having more historical than æsthetic value. It was a floridly efficient concert work composed somewhat in the manner of Mendelssohn. Is it a pianola? I wondered, until the repetition of an awkward octave passage revealed the humanity of the executant. The octave bravados were followed by tempestuous arpeggios, and the flashy allegro concluded with a crash of complacent chords. A shamelessly sentimental cantabile movement conducted me to the dining room where I lost touch with the performance. Over my soup I speculated on the identity of the composer—it sounded like a concerto, possibly by Hummel or Rubinstein.

After a prolonged and satisfactory dinner I returned to the illustrated papers. My thoughts were an indolent procession of automatic images evoked by photographs of pugilists, prime ministers, cinema actresses and other public characters. After a while I ceased my casual inspection of their facial variations; and turned my attention to the hotel interior and its food-flushed occupants. After sorting them out according to their nationalities I ceased to expect any further entertainment. Specimens of mediocrity, they seemed, as they sipped their coffee and puffed their cigars and eyed each other with neutral tolerance or transient curiosity.

Not far away from me sat an undersized, middle-aged, shabby man with a straggling grey moustache. He was alone ; and he was, I observed, reading the American musical magazine with an engrossed, rather worried look on his constricted face. Perhaps he is reading about Paderewski at Milwaukee, I thought—remembering the energetic musician overhead and wondering whether that enthusiast would be returning to the instrument during the evening.

A self-possessed man came down the steps from the dining room—rather a dashing sort of man—crisp black hair tinged with grey—the hero of a young lady's first novel (in the days before psychoanalysis came into its own, when fiction presented the passions with romantic simplicity). With large liquid brown eyes he scanned the assembly ; then he steered a debonair course in my direction. A chair was overturned somewhere near me, and I glanced round to see the negligible reader of the musical news, who had risen with a clumsy movement ; a dim, astonished recognition animated his countenance. His apparent diffidence had vanished, and he was actually signalling to the black-eye-browed hero, who advanced, greeted him urbanely, and sat down opposite him. I was unable to overhear their conversation, but I watched them with some interest, thinking what a queerly contrasted couple they were. After a few minutes they made for the lift, and were conveyed upward. Almost immediately the anonymous concerto broke out overhead with renewed vigour and authority. . . . Could it be connected with the two men who had so recently ascended in the lift ? I became more and more certain that the black-haired swell was the executant of that old-fashioned composition. I imagined the lift of his fine eyes, the ostentatious sweep of his fluent fingers, the emotion with which he would slide into the cantabile passages. With such a "compelling" presence, he might well have enjoyed considerable success on the concert platform. While I was thus formulating his career, the music stopped, as if through some interruption. After a while I became more or less absorbed in a book. By eleven o'clock most of the people had gone upstairs, and I was about to do so myself when the dark stranger emerged from the lift with a perturbed expression on his face. He glanced round the lofty room, ordered a drink from a weary-faced waiter, and came to a little table close to my corner. A large brandy and soda seemed to embolden him ; he lit a cigarette ; his eyes veered in my direction as if in quest of conversation. And then he did indeed cross the space that divided us. Fingering his neat moustache, he sat beside me. He spoke in exactly the ingratiating baritone that I had expected. He began with polite and perfunctory remarks. Had I heard Toscanini conduct at the Scala ? Extremely comfortable hotel, the *Mazzini*, wasn't it ? I responded suitably. Would I have a drink ? I thanked him and more brandy was brought to us. It was after his second brandy and soda that he became communicative.

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He asked if I would be so very kind as to do him the favour of listening to a most extraordinary story. I replied that an extraordinary story would put me under an obligation to him. Nothing would give me greater pleasure.

"Well," he began, "it's really a most painful affair, most painful. That poor chap I was talking to just now—the man I went upstairs with—I hadn't set eyes on him for twenty-five years. In those days we were, both of us, studying the piano in London. Afterwards I went to Leipsic and he came here. A short time before we left England I went with him to an orchestral concert—the Philharmonic I think it was—to hear a well-known pianist whose name I had forgotten until my old friend reminded me of it this evening. The concerto which he played was by Meritritsky; you, probably, have never heard any of his music; even then it was rapidly disappearing from concert programmes. But we were young, and we came away enormously excited about the concerto; my friend said that it was the finest thing he'd ever heard, and he announced his intention of studying it. He would make his *début* with it, he said, And, as I've already told you, I never heard of him again until he recognised me here to-night. I am quite certain I shouldn't have known him unless he'd spoken to me. . . . I must tell you that he was, even as a young man, a plodding, painstaking sort of chap, totally devoid of originality.

"But, really, his limitations have become an eccentricity. Will you believe it, he has lived in this hotel for twenty-five years? In the summer he goes out to Como and stays in a hotel there. And he's never been anywhere else, all these years. As soon as I mentioned music (I gave up playing in public some years ago, and am now a director of a Gramophone Company), I noticed a queer look in his face. He asked me to come up to his room, as he had something he wished to talk about in private. Well, we went up to his room. It is a good-sized room, but most of it is occupied by a concert-grand—a magnificent instrument. He sat down at once, and without a word of warning began to play that old concerto by Meritritsky! At first I took it for a joke, and after a few minutes of the stuff I interrupted him by remarking that it was a wonderful how well he remembered it after so many years. To my amazement, he jumped up, and rushed at me with an offended look on his face.

"Remember it! Remember it! Why I've been working at it ever since I saw you. I'm going to make my *début* with it in London next winter. Yes, I've mastered it at last. And I'm going to revive it. No one plays it now; and all the better for me. I'll make my reputation with one concert. And then I'll take it to America. All the agents'll be after me!"

"Of course I saw at once that it was a case of obsession. I did my best to humour him. The poor chap produced a letter from a London concert-agent, stating his terms for arranging the orchestral concert at which the Meritritsky concerto was to be revived. The concert was going to cost three hundred pounds. Looking at the date I found that the letter was written nearly ten years ago. Lord knows what they'd rook him for it

now, though he said he expects to get most of it back from the sale of the tickets ! Apparently the poor chap has been dreaming about his concert for years, waiting until he's satisfied himself that he's got the great work absolutely right. And now he wants me to go and see the London agent and renew the negotiations. When he suggested that, I tried to dissuade him by saying that I was afraid the public had lost interest in Meritritzky. I asked him if it mightn't be wiser to play something more modern—if he intended to create a sensation ? I couldn't have said anything more unfortunate ! He broke out in a furious diatribe against contemporary composers. He seemed to regard everyone later than Tschaikovsky as a personal enemy. The fact is he's got Meritritzky on the brain. And goodness knows what'll be the end of it, if he ever realises the futility of his ideas. I hadn't even the courage to tell him that I'm catching the midnight train to Paris. I got away by promising to have another talk about it in the morning."

He looked at the clock on the wall ; thanked me for allowing him to relieve his feelings, and shook my hand. " I'm afraid it's a hopeless case, " he remarked. And went out.

Early next morning I left for Florence.

THE OLD VENERABLE

By A. E. COPPARD

DOWN in the village the women called him "the dirty old man," the children did not seem to notice him, and their fathers called him "the owd venrable," or Old Dick, with a sigh as of vague envy. There was little cause for that, he living in a wood in a little old tent shanty built of boughs and string and tarpaulin, with a heap of straw to sleep in. Outside the tent was his fire and he had dwelt there so long that the mound of wood ash had grown almost as big as his house. Seventy years old he was, an old, venerable, ragged, crippled man using two sticks, with a cheery voice and a truculent spirit, but honest as spring water, sharing his last drop with the last man or the first—he invariably shared theirs. When he was drunk he sang, when he was not drunk he talked for evermore about nothing, to nobody, for his tent was in a wood, a little clearing in a great wood, and the wood was away, a long way, from anywhere, so that he lived as you might say on air and affability and primed his starved heart with hope. A man like that could hope for anything, and a mere anything—two-pence—would bring him bliss, but his undeviating aspiration, an ambition as passionate as it was supine, was to possess a donkey. He had pestered many sympathetic people who had the means; often he had sent out that dove of his fancy from the ark of his need, but it had never returned, at least not with a donkey; and never an ass fell like a bolt from heaven. If it had done it would surely have taken no hurt, such a grand wood it was, miles of it, growing up and down the hills and dales, and so thickly bosomed that if you had fallen from a balloon into the top of that wood it would have been at the last like sinking into a feather bed. And full of birds and game. And gamekeepers. The keepers did not like him to be there, it was unnatural to them, but keepers come and go, the shooting was let to a syndicate, and he had been there so long that new keepers found him where the old ones had left him. They even made use of him; he swept the rides and alley-ways for the shooters, marked down the nests of pheasants, and kept observation on rabbits and weasels and the flocks of pigeons which anybody was welcome to shoot. Sometimes he earned a few shillings by plashing hedgerows or hoeing a field of roots, but mostly he was a "kindler," he gathered firewood and peddled it on a hand-truck around the villages. That was why he dreamed of donkey and nothing but donkey; a creature, whose four feet together were not so big as one of its ears, would carry double and treble the load of kindling and make him a rich man.

One day he tramped right over to the head keeper's house to deliver a message, and there Tom Hussey had shown him a litter of retriever puppies he was tending. They had a pedigree, Tom Hussey said, as long as

the shafts of a cart ; the mother herself was valued at fifty golden guineas, but the sire belonged to Lord Camover, and banknotes wouldn't buy that dog, nor love nor money—not even the crown of England. There they were, six puppies just weaned and scrambling about, beautiful, bouncing creatures, all except one that seemed quiet and backward.

"That one?" Tom Hussey said, "I be going to kill her. She's got a sort of rupture in her navel."

"Don't do that," said old Dick, for he knew a lot about dogs as well as birds and lambs and donkeys, "give it to I." And Tom Hussey gave him the pup then and there, and he took it home to his tent and bandaged it artfully with a yard strip of canvas, and called it Sossy because it was so pert.

Every day the old man attended to that bandage round Sossy's stomach ; he knew a whole lot about dogs, and the dog throve and grew, and every night nuzzled in the straw beside him ; and Dick rejoiced. They lived heartily, for Dick was a nimble hand with a wire, rabbits were plentiful, and he was always begging for bones and suchlike for his Sossy. Everywhere in that wood he took Sossy with him and he trained her so in the arts of obedience that she knew what he wanted even if he only winked one eye. After about six months of this he took off her bandage for the last time and threw it away. There she was, cured and fit and perfect, a fine sweet flourishing thing. What a glossy coat ! What a bushy tail ! And her eyes—they made you dream of things !

A while after that Tom Hussey came into the wood to shoot some pigeons. There was always a great flock of them somewhere in the wood, and when they rose up from the trees the whirr of their thousand wings was like the roar of a great wave. Well, Tom Hussey came, and as he passed near the tent he called out the good of the morning to old Dick.

"Come here !" cried Dick, and Tom Hussey went, and when he saw that dog you could have split him with a lath of wood, he was so astonished. Sossy danced round him in a rare flurry, nuzzling at his pockets.

"She's hungry," he said.

"No, she ain't. Get down, you great devil ! No, she ain't hungry, she's just had a saucepan full o' shackles—get down !—that saucepan there what I washes myself in."

When Tom Hussey shot a pigeon she stood to the gun and brought the bird back like an angel.

"Dick, you can swap that dog for a donkey whenever you've a mind to," Tom Hussey said.

"Ain't she got a mouth ? I tell you," Dick cried joyfully.

"Like silk," was the rejoinder.

"It's a gift."

"Born," chanted Tom Hussey.

"It's a gift, I tell you."

"Born. She's worth twenty pounds. You sell that bitch and get you a donkey, quick."

"No," deliberated the veteran. "I shan't do that."

"Twenty pound she's worth, of good money."

"I shan't have 'ee, I tell you."

"You sell that bitch and get you a donkey. That's my last word to you," Tom Hussey said, as he stalked away.

But that "owd venrable" was a far-seeing, sagacious creature, a very artful old man he was, and when the time came for it he and Tom Hussey conjured up a deal between themselves. It would have been risky for Tom Hussey, but as he was changing to another estate he chanced it, and he connived and Sossy was mated on the sly to one of his master's finest retrievers, as good as ever stepped into a covert, and by all accounts the equal of Lord Camover's dog that had begot Sossy. So when Tom Hussey departed, there was old Dick with his valuable dog, looking forward to the few weeks hence when Sossy would have the finest bred puppies of their kind in the land. He scarcely dared to compute their value, but it would surely be enough to relegate the idea of a donkey to the limbo of outworn and mean conceits. No, if all went well he would have a change of life altogether. He would give up this old tent, it was rotting, he was tired of it. If things came wonderful well he would buy a nag and a little cart and a few cokernuts, and he would travel the round of the fairs and see something of the world again. Nothing like cokernuts for a profitable trade. And perhaps he might even find some old "gal" to go with him.

This roseate dream so tinted every moment of his thoughts that he lived, as you might say, like a poet, cherishing the dog, the source and promise of these ideals, with fondness and joy. The only cloud on the horizon of bliss was the new gamekeeper, a sprag young fellow, who had taken a deep dislike to him. Old Dick soon became aware of this animosity, for the new keeper kept a strict watch upon his neighbourhood, and walked about kicking over Dick's snares, impounding his wires, and complaining of his dirty habits and his poaching. And it was true, he *was* dirty, he had lost his pride; and he *did* poach, just a little, for he had a belly that hungered like any other man's, and he had a dog.

Early one morn as Dick was tending his fire the new keeper strolled up. He was a wry-mouthed slow-speaking young chap, and he lounged there with his gun under his arm and his hands in his pockets. Neither spoke for a while, but at last the keeper said:

"It burns well."

"Huh, and so would you burn well," grinned the old man, "if I cut you atop of it."

For fully two minutes the young keeper made no retort, he was a rather enraging young keeper. Then he said: "Ah, and what do you think you may be doing round here?"

The old man flung a few pinches of tea into a can of boiling water.

"You get on with your job, young feller, and I'll get on with mine."

"What *is* your job?"

The "owd venrable" eyed him angrily:

"My job? I'll tell you—it's to mind my own business. You'll learn that for yourself later on, I 'spects, when you get the milk out'er your mouth—you ought to, however. Wait till yer be as old as I."

"Ah," drawled the keeper, "I don't mind waiting."

"I met chaps like you before," the old man began to thunder, "thousands on 'em. D'you know what happened to the last one?"

"Died of fleabites, I shouldn't wonder," was the placid rejoinder.

"I had him on the hop. When he warn't thinking," the old man, ruminating, grinned, "I wuz! I give him a kick o' the stomach as fetched him atween wind and water, and down he went, clean as a smelt. D'you know what I did then?"

"Picked his pocket, I shouldn't wonder."

"Yah! Never stole nothing from no man, 'cept it was my own. Clean as a smelt, I tell you."

"Well," the new keeper slowly said, shifting his gun from the left arm to the right, "I can take a hiding from any man. . . ."

"Ah, and from any old woman, too, I should say."

". . . from any man," continued the imperturbable one, "as can give it me—if you knows of one." He began to pick his teeth with a match stick. "Did you get my message?" he more briskly added.

"What message?"

"I sent you a message."

"Then you sent it by a wet hen. I ain't had no message."

"I know you had it, but I'll tell you again. I've got orders to clear you out of this wood, you and your dog. You can take your time, don't want to be hard on you, but out you goes, and soon, you and your dog."

"Well, we can go, my cunning feller, we can go."

"That's right, then."

"We can go—when we've a mind to. But who's a-going to look arter my job?"

"What job's that?"

"Huh, what job!" the old man groaned disgustedly. "Why, who's a-going to keep an eye on things, and they poachers, thousands on 'em, just waiting for to catch I asleep! But they can't do it!"

"Naw, I shouldn't think anyone *could* sleep in a hole like that!"

"Yah, I could sleep, I could sleep a sack o' taters rotten! And who's a-going to clear up when the storms been shamracking about the place? I cleans up the paths, I cleans 'em for one and all and I cleans 'em for you. Some I does it right for and some I does it wrong. If I did it right for all I'd be out of this world, seemly."

"Who asked you to? Nobody asked you to, we can do without it, and we can do without you. So now I've told you." With that the young keeper sauntered airily away.

"Yah!" the old venerable called after him. "Clean as a smelt, I tell you, clean as a smelt," and as long as his adversary remained in view he continued to remind him of that excellent conclusion.

But despite his contempt the old man was perturbed, he knew the game was up : he would have to seek a lodging elsewhere. By the grace of fortune the blow had come just when it could least concern him ; all he wanted was time for Sossy to rear her pups, and then he would go, then he would go gaily, driving his horse and cart like a man of property all over that Berkshire and that Oxfordshire, along with some old " gal."

A week later Sossy was safely delivered of nine puppies. Miracles are possible—they must be—but it is not possible to anticipate a miracle : a litter of nine ! They were born in the tent beside the man, and they all, Dick, Sossy and the nine morsels, slept together, and in a few days although Sossy, despite heroic feeding, began to grow lean, the pups were fat as slugs.

When they were seven days old the man got up one morning to go to a job of hedging. It was a bright draughty March morn, and he noted the look of the early pink clouds. A fine day promised, though some of the clouds had a queer shape, like a goose with its head turned backwards. That boded something ! The blackies and thrushes sang beautiful. After Sossy had fed somewhat daintily from the same pot of " shackles " as himself, old Dick hung the sack over the tent opening and left her mothering the pups. He limped off to work. The hedge he was laying was on an upland farm that overlooked his wood. At midday when he lunched he could sit and stare over the vast stern brownness that was so soon to unbend in unbelievable trellises of leaves. Already the clearings and banks were freckled with primroses, the nut thickets hung with showers of yellow pods, and the pilewort's cresset in the hedge was a beam to wandering bees. In all that vastitude there was one tiny hole into which he had crept like a snail for years and years, but it was too small to hide him for ever and ever. So now they would go, he and Sossy, driving about the land, he and Sossy and . . . and some old gal. Just beside him was a pond and the barns of the farm. Two white horses were nuzzling each other in the croft, and a magpie watched them from the cone of a stack. A red ox at the pond snuffled in the water, and as it lifted its head to stare at the old man streams of water pattered back from its hairy lips. Deftly the ox licked with its tongue first one nostril, then the other, but water still dribbled from its mouth in one long glutinous stripe. A large cloud hung above the scene, brooding, white and silent as a swan. Old Dick rose and stretched himself ; the wind had died. When the afternoon had worn on he ceased work and turned home. Half-way through the wood he came to a clearing full of primroses, and on a bank, with her muzzle in a rich clump of the blooms, lay his dog, shot through the breast. The old man knelt down beside his dog, but there was nothing he could do, she had been dead a long time. He recalled hearing the shot of a gun, hours ago, not a sharp report, but sullen. Perhaps she had gone out for a scamper and had been chasing a rabbit, or perhaps she had left her litter in order to come to him. The keeper had shot her, shot a poor man's dog, shot her dead. There was nothing he could do, the doom had come crushing even time in its swiftness.

"Fizzled and mizzled I am now," he said forlornly, "and that's a fact."

He left her there, and conversing angrily pottered home to his tent. Two of the pups were already dead. The others were helpless, and he was helpless, there was nothing he could do for them, they were too young to feed by hand, and he had nothing to feed them with. He crawled out of the tent to suck a long drink from the bucket of water that stood outside, and then he knelt there gazing without vision at the smouldering fire.

"I know, yes I know what I can do," he mumbled, picking up his long heavy billhook. "Just a smack o' that behind his earhole and he won't take no more hidings from e'er a man or a woman neither. Tippet, I says, and he'd be done, he'd be done in a couple o' minutes; ah, quicker, quicker'n you could say smoke." He dashed the billhook to the earth and groaned. "O, I be fair fizzled and mizzled now, I be, ah!" He sat up and pulled the bucket between his legs. Picking up one of the pups he plopped it into the bucket. "There's your donkey," he gurgled, "huh, huh, huh! And there"—as he plopped the others in one by one—"goes your cob and your cart and your cokernuts. And there"—as he dashed the last one violently in—"goes the old gal. Huh!"

After a while the old man rose and emptied the drowned bodies into a heap of bushes; the clash of the bucket as he flung it back only fretted the silence of the wood for a few moments.

FOUR WOODCUTS

By CLARE LEIGHTON



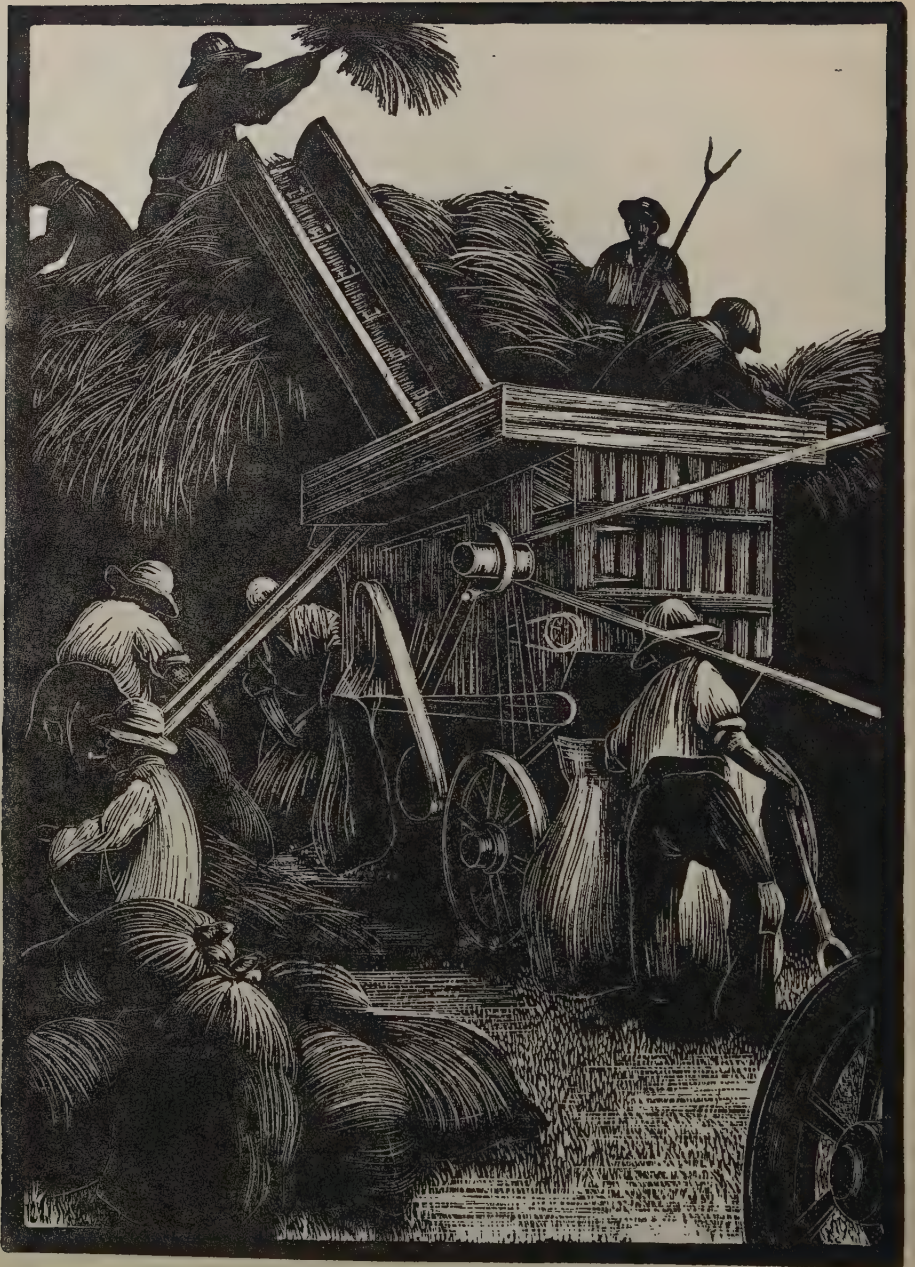
TURNING THE PLOUGH



LAMBING



MILKING



THRESHING

THE NOTES OF S. T. COLERIDGE IN "MILTON'S POEMS" — By THOMAS WARTON

By JOHN DRINKWATER

COLERIDGE spent the last eighteen years of his life, from 1816 to 1834, at the house of James Gillman, a surgeon of Highgate. The circumstances of his entering Gillman's household were remarkable. De Quincey in one of his letters asserted that Coleridge never gave up taking opium, and that he indulged the habit as a merely sensuous pleasure, being a man of sound health and constitution. The *post mortem* examination held on Coleridge at Gillman's instigation revealed the fact that the poet must have for most of his life borne acute and more or less continuous suffering, and effectually disposed of the latter part of de Quincey's statement. Gillman himself asserted that the former part was equally unfounded, and his word is a convincing one.

In April, 1816, James Gillman, then living at Moreton House, Highgate, received an unusual request from a fellow medical practitioner. Dr. Joseph Adams, of Hatton Garden, with whom Gillman had not more than a casual acquaintance, wrote to the Highgate surgeon, on the 9th of that month, the following letter :

Hatton Garden,
9th April, 1816.

Dear Sir,

A very learned, but in one respect an unfortunate, gentleman has applied to me on a singular occasion. He has for several years been in the habit of taking large quantities of opium. For some time past, he has been in vain endeavouring to break himself of it. It is apprehended his friends are not firm enough, from a dread, lest he should suffer by suddenly leaving it off, though he is conscious of the contrary ; and has proposed to me to submit himself to any regimen, however severe. With this view, he wishes to fix himself in the house of some medical gentleman, who will have the courage to refuse him any laudanum, and under whose assistance, should he be the worse for it, he may be relieved. As he is desirous of retirement, and a garden, I could think of no one so readily as yourself. Be so good as to inform me, whether such a proposal is absolutely inconsistent with your family arrangements. I should not have proposed it, but on account of the great importance of the character, as a literary man. His communicative temper will make his society very interesting, as well as useful. Have the goodness to favour me with an immediate answer ; and believe me, dear sir, your faithful humble servant,

Joseph Adams.

Gillman informs us that he had seen Adams but twice, but that his interest was taken by the letter, and he determined to see the patient. On the

evening of the 12th of April Coleridge accordingly presented himself at Highgate. He and Gillman took to each other at once. Coleridge told Gillman about himself and confided in him his anxiety as to what would be the effect of discontinuing the habit. "He first informed me," says Gillman, "of the painful opinion which he had received concerning his case, especially from one medical man of celebrity. The tale was sad, and the opinion given unprofessional and cruel—sufficient to have deterred most men so afflicted from making the attempt Coleridge was contemplating, and in which his whole soul was so deeply and so earnestly engaged." Coleridge went away, and the next day wrote the following letter :

42, Norfolk Street, Strand, Saturday Noon.

April 13, 1816.

My dear Sir,

The first half hour I was with you convinced me that I should owe my reception into your family exclusively to motives not less flattering to me than honourable to yourself. I trust we shall ever in matters of intellect be reciprocally serviceable to each other. Men of sense generally come to the same conclusions ; but they are likely to contribute to each other's enlargement of view, in proportion to the distance or even opposition of the points from which they set out. Travel and the strange variety of situations and employments on which chance has thrown me, in the course of my life, might have made me a mere man of *observation*, if pain and sorrow and self-miscomplacence had not forced my mind in on itself, and so formed habits of *meditation*. It is now as much my nature to evolve the fact from the law, as that of a practical man to deduce the law from the fact.

With respect to pecuniary remuneration, allow me to say, I must not at least be suffered to make an addition to your family expenses—though I cannot offer any thing that would be in any way adequate to my sense of the service ; for that indeed there could not be a compensation, as it must be returned in kind, by esteem and grateful affection.

And now of myself. My ever-wakeful reason, and the keenness of my moral feelings, will secure you from all unpleasant circumstances connected with me save only one, viz. the evasion of a specific madness. You will never *hear* any thing but truth from me : prior habits render it out of my power to tell an untruth, but unless carefully observed, I dare not promise that I should not, with regard to this detested poison, be capable of acting one. No sixty hours have yet passed without my having taken laudanum, though for the last week comparatively trifling doses. I have full belief that your anxiety need not be extended beyond the first week. I shall not, I must not be permitted to leave your house, unless with you. Delicately or indelicately, this must be done, and both the servants and the assistant must receive absolute commands from you. The stimulus of conversation suspends the terror that haunts my mind ; but when I am alone, the horrors I have suffered from laudanum, the degradation, the blighted utility, almost overwhelm me. If (as I feel for the *first time* a soothing confidence it will prove) I should leave you restored to my normal and bodily health, it is not myself only that will love and honour you ; every friend I have (and thank God ! in spite of this wretched vice I have many and warm ones, who were friends of my youth, and have never deserted me) will thank you with reverence. I have taken no notice of your kind apologies. If I could not be comfortable in your house, and with your family, I should deserve to be miserable. If you could make it convenient, I should wish to

be with you by Monday evening, as it would prevent the necessity of taking fresh lodgings in town.

With respectful compliments to Mrs. Gillman and her sister, I remain, dear sir,
Your much obliged,

S. T. Coleridge.

This letter was written on a Saturday, and on the Monday following Coleridge took up his residence at Gillman's house.

The position was an extraordinary one. Coleridge's life at this point had fallen to an extreme of insecurity and dejection. He was now forty-four years of age, and, having no resources and no friends on whom he could make further demands, separated from his family, and being, as he always was, unable to assure for himself any kind of settled income, he made this last strange and desperate bid for protection, it may almost be said, for life itself. The result was even more remarkable.

James Gillman's friendship for Coleridge is one of the completely beautiful passages of literary history. For eighteen years he received the poet in his house and attended to his health and comfort with unwearying solicitude. Opium-taking as a habit was cured, though it is not clear that Gillman did not allow a very limited recourse to the drug at crises of great pain. There was at first a formal pretence of Coleridge making a small payment for his maintenance, but nothing permanent came of it, as may be imagined, and, in effect, Gillman through all those years took not a penny for his services, and Coleridge was his welcome and honoured guest. The surgeon's kindness was unfailingly encouraged by his wife, and James and Ann Gillman not only became by far the most intimate friends of Coleridge's later life, but they redeemed those years with a domestic peace and relative freedom from anxiety such as he could otherwise never have known. It is greatly to the honour of both Coleridge and his two friends that there seems to have been between them no word that failed in courtesy and understanding from first to last. And the Gillmans were richly rewarded for their chivalry. Their house became one of the intellectual centres of England. There would meet Frederick Denison Maurice, Tennyson's Arthur Hallam, Basil Montagu, Hookham Frere, Julius Hare, John Wilson—the Christopher North of Blackwood's—and Wordsworth; here Carlyle and Emerson called, and here Charles Lamb was in the habit of coming for Sunday dinner. Gillman filled the part of host in this company with easy credit. His own claim to literary distinction seems to have consisted only of a prize won in his youth at the Royal College of Surgeons for a "Dissertation on the Bite of a Rabid Animal." But he was able to engage Coleridge in metaphysical talk by the hour and come freshly out of the ordeal at the end, and that, as we all know, was no small achievement. Few men could survive an evening's dialectical contest with Coleridge, but Gillman kept his end up for eighteen years.

It was while Coleridge was living at Highgate that the volume to which the following notes refer was given to him. It is Thomas Warton's edition

of Milton's shorter poems. First published in 1785, this is the second edition, which appeared in 1791. Warton, the historian of English poetry, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, died in 1790, when Coleridge was eighteen. The book is inscribed "To S. T. Coleridge, Esqre. with the love, regard and esteem of his obliged and grateful friend J. Watson. Octr. 11th 1823." Who this J. Watson was I am not sure ; but Gillman's granddaughter married a Rev. Henry Watson, and the book may have been given to Coleridge by a member of the same family. To this inscription is added another in Coleridge's writing, "I bequeath this Book to Mrs. Gillman. S. T. Coleridge, 28 June 1827." And on a later leaf is yet a third, written in pencil, as follows :

Presented to Robert Watson Cowen by his aged friend Ann Gillman in remembrance of his much loved and highly esteemed Uncle John Watson, on whom the Almighty Giver of all good things had bestowed many precious Gifts—early unaffected Piety, with a deep love of The True, the Good, and the Beautiful.
May 4th, 1854

Ann Gillman was then seventy-five years of age, and lived six years longer. The John Watson here referred to is no doubt the original donor of the book.

Coleridge, as was his habit, freely annotated the volume while he was reading it, and his notes, which have not hitherto been published, are here given with as little addition as possible.

The arrangement here adopted is as follows : The notes are numbered consecutively from 1 to 41. Each note is in two or three divisions—(a) The extract from the text, or from the editorial notes, of the edition of 1791, to which Coleridge's note refers, together with page reference. (b) Coleridge's note. (c) Any comment of my own where necessary. In a few instances these comments, for the sake of convenience, have been put elsewhere within square brackets.

* * * * *

On the fly-leaf of the volume :

Of Criticism we may perhaps say, that these divine Poets, Homer, Eschylus, and the two Compeers, Dante, Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, who deserve to have Critics, are placed above Criticism in the vulgar sense, and move in the sphere of Religion, while those who are not such, scarcely deserve Criticism, in any sense.—But speaking generally, it is far, far better to distinguish Poetry into different Classes ; and instead of fault-finding to say, this belongs to such or such a class—thus noting inferiority in the *sort* rather than censure on the particular poem or poet. We may *outgrow* certain *sorts* of poetry (Young's Night-thoughts, for instance) without arraigning their excellence *proprio genere*. In short, the wise is the genial ; and the genial judgment is to distinguish accurately the character and characteristics of each poem, praising them according to their force and vivacity in their own kind—and to reserve Reprehension for such as have no *character*—tho' the wisest reprehension would be not to speak of them at all.

* * * * *

1. P. iii. Preface.

A general note at the head of the Preface :

Most shamefully incorrect. The Errata in the Latin Quotations are so numerous and so whimsical, as to puzzle the ingenuity of the best Latinist. I suspect that this is one of old Lackington's pirate editions. The paper seems too bad for such respectable Publishers, as the Robinsons, who did not deal in this castilis.

2. P. iii. Preface.

(a) Warton : After the publication of the *Paradise Lost*, whose acknowledged merit and increasing celebrity. . . .

(b) Coleridge : Can Tom Warton have been guilty of this offence against prose English ? Whose instead of " of which."

3. P. iv. Preface.

(a) Warton : It was late in the present century, before they [Milton's early poems] attained their just measure of esteem and popularity. Wit and rhyme, sentiment and satire, polished numbers, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods, having so long kept undisturbed possession in our poetry, would not easily give way to fiction and fancy, to picturesque description, and romantic imagery.

(b) Coleridge : It is hard to say which of the two kinds of metrical composition are here most unfaithfully characterised, that which Warton opposes to the Miltonic, or the Miltonic asserted to have been eclipsed by the former. But a marginal note does not give room enough to explain what I mean.

4. P. xx. Preface.

Coleridge's corrections :

1. 10. For "removit" "renovat"

1. 15. For "Lonitur" "leniter"

5. P. 1. Lycidas l. 1.

Yet once more, O ye laurels,

(a) Warton : The best poets imperceptibly adopt phrases and formularies from the writings of their contemporaries or immediate predecessors. An *Elegy* on the death of the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sydney's sister, begins thus :

Yet once againe, my Muse,

(b) Coleridge : This, no doubt, is true ; but the application to particular instances is exceedingly suspicious. Why, in Heaven's name ! might not " once more " have as well occurred to Milton as to Sydney ? On similar subjects or occasions some similar Thoughts *must* occur to different Persons, especially if men of resembling genius, quite independent of each other. The proof of this, if proof were needed, may be found in the works of contemporaries of different countries in books published at the very *same time*, where neither *could* have seen the work of the other—perhaps ignorant of the language. I gave my lectures on Shakespear two years before Schlegel *began* his at Vienna, and I was myself startled at the close even verbal Parallelisms.

S. T. Coleridge.

6. Pp. 1-2. Lycidas. ll. 2-5.

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :

(a) Warton : Here is an inaccuracy of the poet. *The Mellowing Year* could not affect the leaves of the laurel, the myrtle and the ivy ; which last is characterised before as *never sere*.

(b) Coleridge : If this is not finding fault for fault-finding sake, Maister Tummas ! I do not know what is. The young and diffident poet tells us, that the Duty to his Friend's memory compels him to produce a poem before his poetic Genius had attained its full development, or had received the due culture and nourishment from Learning and Study. The faculties appertaining to Poetic Genius he symbolises beautifully and appropriately by the Laurel, the Myrtle and the Ivy—all three berry-bearing Plants : and these Berries express here the *actual* state, degree and quality of his poetic Powers, as the Plants themselves express the potential—the Leaves of the Ivy are “ never sere,” both because this is the general character of Ivy and of Verse, and by a natural and graceful Prolepsis in reference to his own future productions—now if Warton had *thought* instead of criticized, he must have seen that it was the Berries which were to be plucked, but that in consequence of their unripeness and the toughness of the pedicles he was in danger of *shattering* the Leaves in the attempt. It was the *Berries*, I repeat, that the more advanced Season was to have *mellowed* ; and who indeed ever dreamt of *mellowing* a Leaf ? ! The autumn may be said to mellow the *tints* of the Foliage ; but the word is never applied to the Leaves themselves.

S. T. C.

7. P. 3. Lycidas. ll. 10-11.

He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

(a) Warton in a note says that “ the lofty rhyme ” means “ lofty verse,” as in

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme
 and adds :

I cannot however admit bishop Pearce's reasoning, who says, “ Milton appears to have meant a different thing by Rhime here from Rime in his Preface, where it is six times mentioned, and always spelled without an *h* : whereas in all the Editions, Rhime in this place of the poem was spelled with an *h*. Milton probably meant a difference in the thing, by making so constant a difference in the spelling ; and intended we should here understand by Rhime not the *jingling sound of like Endings*, but *Verse in general*.”

(b) Coleridge : I am still inclined to think Bishop Pearce in the right. It is the tendency of all Languages to avail them of the opportunities given by accidental differences of pronunciation and spelling to make a word multiply on itself : ex-gr. Propriety, Property ; Mister and Master.—Besides, we can prove that this was Milton's plan. In the first Edition of the *Par. Lost* in *Twelve Books*, called the Second Edition, Heè, Sheè, are systematically thus distinguished from He, and She ; and her, their from hir, thir—when they are to convey a distinct image to the mind, and are not merely grammatical adjuncts, such as would be *understood* in Latin.

8. Pp. 4-5. Lycidas. ll. 15. 18.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,

* * *

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :

(a) Warton : The epithet Coy is at present restrained to Person. Antiently, it was more generally combined. Thus a shepherd in Drayton's Pastorals—

Shepherd, these things are all TOO COY for me,

Whose youth is spent in jollity and mirth.

That is, " This sort of knowledge is too *hard*, too difficult for me, etc."

(b) Coleridge : Why, Warton ! dear Tom Warton ! wake up, my good fellow ! You are snoring. Even in Drayton's Pastoral the " coy " is poorly explained into " hard " ; but here it is evidently *personal*—excuse showing coyness in the Sisters.

9. P. 5. Lycidas. ll. 23-26.

For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,

Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd

Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,

(a) Warton : Here a new paragraph begins in the edition of 1645, and in all that followed. But in the edition of 1638, the whole context is thus pointed and arranged. [As above.]

(b) Coleridge : It is astonishing to me, that Warton should not have felt that the couplet

For we were nurst upon the self-same Hill,

Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill !

is manifestly the Base or Pedestal of the Stanza or scheme of verse, commencing with " Begin then, Sisters," and that it is divided from the 8th line of the Scheme by a colon : i.e. a full stop intended but with the cadence revoked, as it were, by a sudden recollection of some appertaining matter, confirming, enforcing or completing the preceding thought. Then follows a Pause, during which the Thought last started and expressed generally, unfolds itself to the poet's mind—and he begins anew with the proof and exposition of it by the particulars.—Another, and for a poet's ear convincing, proof that the couplet belongs to the third stanza is, that the 8th line like the first is rhymeless and was left so, because the concurring rhymes of the concluding Distich were foreseen as the compensations. Mem. This applicable to Sonnets, viz. under what circumstances the Sonnet should be 8+6, 12+2 or 14.

But this is nothing to the want to Tact, Taste, and Ear—yea, of Eye and sagacious nostril—in the evidenced preference given to the Edit. 1638—The Sstt [?Stanza] begins anew with, Together etc. After shroud there should be a colon only.

10. P. 8. Lycidas. ll. 37-44.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,

Now thou art gone, and never must return !

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,

And all their echoes mourn :

The willows, and the hazel copses green,

Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

(b) Coleridge : There is a delicate beauty of sound produced by the floating or oscillation of Assonance and Consonance, in the rhymes gone, return, caves, oer-grown, mourn, green, seen, lays. Substitute flown for gone in the first line : and if you have a Poet's ear, you will feel what you have lost and understand what I mean. I am bound, however, to confess that in the five last lines of this Stanza I find more of the fondness of a classical scholar for his favourite Classics than of the self-subsistency of a Poet destined to be himself a Classic,—more of the Copyist of Theocritus and *his* Copyist, Virgil, than of the free Imitator, who seizes with a strong hand whatever he wants or wishes for his own purpose and justifies the seizure by the improvement of the material or the superiority of the purpose, to which it is applied.

(c) The lines referred to presumably follow those quoted ; Coleridge is a little pernickety here.

11. P. 11. Lycidas. ll. 56-7.

Ay me ! I fondly dream !

Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?

(a) Warton prints these lines as above, and appends the following note :

So these lines stand in editions 1638, 1645, and 1673, the two last of which were printed under Milton's eye. Doctor Newton thus exhibits the passage :

Ay me ! I fondly dream

Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?

And adds this note :

We have here followed the pointing of Milton's manuscript in preference to all the editions : and the meaning plainly is, " I fondly *dream of your having been there*, for what would that have signified ? " But surely the words, *I fondly dream had ye been there*, will not bear this construction. The reading which I have adopted, to say nothing of its authority, has an abruptness which heightens the present sentiment, and more strongly marks the distraction of the speaker's mind. " Ah me ! I am fondly dreaming ! I will suppose you had been there—but *why should I suppose it*, for what would that have availed ? " The context is broken and confused, and contains a sudden elleipsis which I have supplied with the words in Italics.

(b) Coleridge : Had this been Milton's intention, he would have written *but*, as W. has done ; and not *for*. Newton's is clearly the true Reading.

12. P. 13. Lycidas. l. 63.

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore

(a) Warton tells us in a note that Milton was misled by Virgil in the use of the epithet *swift*, and quotes Servius in reproof of Virgil.

(b) Coleridge : " Smooth " would have suited M.'s purpose even better than " swift," even tho' the latter had not been inappropriate, as poetically contrasting with the vehemence and turbulence of the preceding Lines.—Possibly, Milton was at this period of his life too predominantly a Poet to have read Servius. Mem. The Virgilian Line might not unhappily be applied to the Hon. Mr. B****, who has

made a more hasty "Cut and Run" than his *past* friend, H-r-Volucremque fuga prævertitur Hebrum, i.e. :

Prick't from behind by Fear, his Legs his Bail,
Outruns swift *Heber* following at his *Tail*.

13. P. 44. L'Allegro. ll. 23-4.

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxum, blithe, and debonair.

(a) Warton says that somebody else is of opinion that this passage was based on lines from *Pericles Prince of Tyre*.

(b) Coleridge : Perhaps, no more convincing proof can be given that the power of poetry is from a *Genius*, i.e. not included in the faculties of the human mind common to all men, than these so frequent "opinions," that this and that passage was formed from, or borrowed, or stolen, etc. from this or that other passage, found in some other poet or poem, three or 300 years older. In the name of common sense, if Gower could write the lines without having seen Milton, why not Milton have done so tho' Gower had never existed ? That Mr. Bowls or Bishop Newton, or Mr. Cory etc should be unable to imagine the origination of a fine thought, is no way strange ; but that *Warton* should fall into the same dull cant—!!

(c) The Gower referred to by Warton is the Gower in Shakespeare's play, not Moral Gower the poet.

14. P. 64. L'Allegro. ll. 133-4.

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

(a) Warton quotes Bishop Hurd's note :

"Milton shews his judgement here, in celebrating Shakespeare's *Comedies*, rather than his *Tragedies*. For models of the latter, he refers us rightly, in his *PENSEROSO*, to the Grecian scene, V. 97."

(b) Coleridge : H. thou Right Reverend Aspirate ! what hadst thou to do with sweetest Shakespeare ? Was it not enough to *merder* the Prophets ? But to be serious—if by *Tragedies* Hurd means "Song of the Goat," and if there were any Pagans that had to make such, they would have to look to the Ancient Greeks for Models. But what Shakespear proposed to realise was—an Imitation of human actions in connection with sentiments, passions, characters, incidents and events for the purpose of pleasureable emotions ; so that whether this be shown by Tears of Laughter or Tears of Tenderness, they shall still be Tears of Delight, and united with intellectual complacency. Call such a work a Drama : and then I will tell the whole Herd of Hurdite Critics, that the Dramas of Shakespear, whether the lighter or the loftier emotions preponderate, are all, this one no less than the others, *Models*, with which it would be cruel and most unjust to the names either of Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and of Aristophanes to compare the *tragedies* of the former or the *Comedies* of the latter. Shakespere produced Dramatic Poems, not *Tragedies* nor *Comedies*. . . . If the Greek *Tragedies*, or as H. affectedly expresses it, "The Greek Scene" be a Model for anything modern, it must be for the Opera Houses.

S. T. C.

15. Pp. 67-76. *Il Penseroso*. ll. 1-60.

(b) Coleridge : The first 60 lines are (with unfeigned diffidence I add) in my humble opinion ["opinion" deleted and judgement substituted] not only inferior to the *Allegro*, but such as many a second-rate Poet, Pygmy compared with Milton, might have written.

16. Pp. 88-9. *Il Penseroso*. ll. 146-150.

Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.

(a) Warton : I do not exactly understand the whole of the context. Is the *Dream* to wave at Sleep's wings ? Doctor Newton will have *wave* to be a verb neuter : and very justly, as the passage now stands. But let us strike out *at*, and make *wave* active.

—Let some mysterious dream

Wave his wings, in airy stream, etc

"Let some fantastic DREAM put the wings of SLEEP in motion, which shall be *displayed*, or expanded, in an *airy* or soft *stream* of visionary imagery, gently falling or settling on my eye-lids." Or, *his* may refer to DREAM, and not to SLEEP, with much the same sense. In the mean time, supposing *lively* adverbial, as was now common, *displayed* will connect with *pourtraiture*, that is, "pourtraiture lively displayed," with this sense, "Wave his wings, in an airy stream of rich pictures so *strongly displayed* in vision as to resemble real *Life*." Or, if *lively* remain an adjective, much in the same sense, *displayed* will signify *displaying* itself. On the whole, we must not here seek for precise meanings of parts, but acquiesce in a general idea resulting from the whole, which I think is sufficiently seen.

(b) Coleridge : A winged Dream upon a winged Sleep on the Poet's eye-lids ! More Sacks on the Mill ! Warton must have written these notes in a careless hurry.

Explain the four lines as you will, and tinker them as ["as" deleted] how you can, they will remain a confused and awkwardly arranged period. But the *construing* I take to be this—and at his wings (dewy-feather'd) softly laid on my eyelids let some strange Dream flow waveringly in aery stream of lively portraiture—*display'd* being a rhyme to "laid," and therefore not *quite* superfluous. S.T.C.

P.S. If any conjectural Reading were admissible, I should prefer

Weave on his wings its aery scheme (or theme)
In lively, etc.

17. P. 93. *Il Penseroso*.

(a) At the end of *Il Penseroso* Warton quotes Hurd's note—"Of these two exquisite little poems, [*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*] I think it clear that this last is the most taking ; which is owing to the subject. The mind delights most in these solemn images, and a genius delights most to pain them."

(b) Coleridge : I feel the direct opposite, almost painfully. But I suspect, that this contrariety would go thro' all my decisions in reference to Bishop Hurd's.

18. P. 152. *Comus*. l. 108.

And Advice with scrupulous head.

(a) "The manuscript reading, *And quick Law*, is the best. It is not the essential attribute of *Advice* to be *Scrupulous* ; but it is of *Quick Law*, or *Watchful Law*, to be so."

[This is a note of Warburton's quoted by Warton. A fact which Coleridge overlooks in his note which follows.]

(b) Coleridge : Bless me ! Who would have expected a remark so tasteless or so shallow a reason from Warton ? It is not the essential character of Advice, but it is the very character, by which the God of Riot and Wassail would ridicule him. And then the sound and rhythm. *Quick* law and the confusion of executive (*Quick*) with judicial Law (*Scrupulous*). In short the wonder is that it should be found in the manuscript as having occurred to Milton.

19. P. 155. Comus. l. 140.

From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,

(a) At line 140, Warton, in a cross reference to *Paradise Lost* refers to Milton's use of the loop-holes in the Indian fig-tree in Book IX. He adds—"Milton was a student in botany. He took his description of this multifarious tree from the account of it in Gerard's HERBALL,"—an account that Warton quotes.

(b) Coleridge : If I wished to display the charm and *effect* of metre and the *art* of poetry, independent of the Thoughts and Images—the superiority, in short of *poematic* over *prose* Composition, the poetry or no-poetry being the same in both, I question whether a more apt and convincing instance could be found, than in these exquisite lines of Milton's compared with the passage in Gerald [*sic*], of which they are the organised version. Shakespeare's Cleopatra on the Cydnus, compared with the original in North's Plutarch is another almost equally striking example. S.T.C. 22nd Octr. 1823. Ramsgate.

20. P. 168. Comus. ll. 238-9.

O, if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,

(a) Warton : Here is a seeming inaccuracy for the sake of the rhyme. But the sense being hypothetical and contingent, we will suppose an elleipsis of *shouldest* before *have*.

(b) Coleridge : Could W. have been so ignorant of English Grammar ? His Brother would have flogged a Winchester Lad for an equivalent ignorance in a Latin Subjunctive.

(c) Thomas Warton's brother was Joseph Warton, himself a poet and critic of distinction, and according to the National Dictionary of Biography "The conspicuously unsuccessful Headmaster" of Winchester from 1766 to 1793.

21. P. 188. Comus. l. 380.

Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

(a) Warton : ALL-TO, or AL-TO, is *Intirely*.

(b) Coleridge : Even this is not the exact meaning of to—or all-to which answers to the German *Zer*, as our *for* in forlorn to ver, pronounced fer.

22. Pp. 241-2. Comus. ll. 892-5.

My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays ;

(b) Coleridge : L.895. the word "strays" *needed* a Note—and therefore it is the only part of the sentence left unnoticed. First of all, Turquoises and Emeralds

are not much addicted to *straying* anywhere ; and the last place, I should look for them, would be in channels ; and secondly, the verb is in the singular number and belongs to Sheen. i.e. Lustre, Shininess, as it's nominative case. It may therefore bear a question, whether Milton did mean the wandering flitting tints and hues of the Water, in my opinion a more poetical as well as a much more appropriate Imagery. He particularizes one precious stone, the Agate, which often occurs in brooks and rivulets, and leaves the *substance* of the other *ornaments* as he had of the chariot itself undetermined, and describes them by the effect on the eye / thickset with agate and that transparent, or humid, shine of (turquoise-like) Blue, and (emeraldine) Green that strays in the channel. For it is in the water immediately above the pebbly Bed of the Brook, that one seems to see these lovely glancing Water-tints. N.B. This note in the best style of Warburtonian perverted ingenuity.

(c) Coleridge's jape is at himself, since the notes on this passage are Warton's and not quoted from Warburton.

23. P. 250. Comus. ll. 946-956.

And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort ;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.

(b) Coleridge : With all prostration of reverence at the feet of even the Juvenal, Milton, I must yet lift up my head enough to pillow my chin on the Rose of his Shoe, and ask him in a timid whisper whether Rhymes and Finger-metre do not render poor flat prose ludicrous, rather than tend to elevate it, or even to hide its nakedness.

24. P. 272. Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity. l. 116.

With unexpressive notes. . . .

(b) Coleridge : It is strange that *Milton* should have held it allowable to substitute the active Aorist *ive* for the passive adjectivable. It was too high a compliment even to Shakspear.

What should we think of undescriptive for indescribable ? Surely, no authority can justify such a solecism.

25. P. 274. Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity. Stanza xv.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering :
And heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gate of her high palace hall.

(b) Coleridge : XV. A glorious subject for the Ceiling of a princely Banquet-room, in the style of Parmeggiano or Allston.

S. T. C.

Stanz. XXIII. I think I have seen—possibly Fuseli.

26. P. 281. On the Morning of Christ's Nativity. ll. 229-231.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave. . . .

(a) Warton : The words *pillows* and *chin*, throw an air of burlesque and familiarity over a comparison most exquisitely conceived and adapted.

(b) Coleridge : I have tried in vain to imagine, in what other way the Image could be given. I rather think, that it is one of the Hardinesses permitted to a great Poet. Dante would have written it : tho' it is most in the spirit of Donne.

27. P. 286. The Passion.

This poem breaks off at the end of Stanza VIII, and Milton subjoins the following note :

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

(b) Coleridge : I feel grateful to Milton that instead of preserving only the VIth and the first five lines of the VIIIth stanza, he has given us the whole eight. The true solution of 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 7th stanzas is, that Milton has not yet *untaught* himself the looking up to inferior minds, which he had been taught to consider as Models. He did not yet dare to know, how great he was.

28. P. 307. At a Vacation Exercise. ll. 3-6.

And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,*
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two year before.†

(b) Coleridge : *"Slide" seems to me not quite the right word. Perhaps "stumble" or "struggle" would be better ? Omitting "my."

Half unpronounced, stumbles thro' infant lips.

†Well might He speak late who spoke to such purpose !

29. P. 312. At a Vacation Exercise. l. 60.

The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth. . . .

(a) Warton has a note saying that fairies and Aristotle's ten categories were both in fashion and both exploded at the same time.

(b) Coleridge : Exploded ? The Categories ? Aristotle's *Table* of the Categories was corrected and improved, but even this not till long after the Date of this Exercise.

30. P. 314. At a Vacation Exercise. l. 83.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap. . . .

(a) Warton : *Substantia, substantiae nova contrariatur*, is a school-maxim.

(b) Coleridge : It is curious that on this purely logical conception, or rather *form* of conceiving, Spinoza re-codified the Pantheism of the old Greek philosophy.

S. T. C.

31. Pp. 318-19. On the University Carrier. (Two poems.)

(a) Warton quotes Hurd's note on Milton's two pieces on Hobson, the University Carrier—"I wonder Milton should suffer these two things on Hobson to appear in his edition of 1645. He, who at the age of nineteen, had so just a contempt for
Those new-fangled toys, and trimming flight,
Which take our new fantasticks with delight."

(b) Coleridge: It is truly edifying to observe, what value and importance certain Critics attach to a farthing's worth of Paper. One *wonders*—another *regrets*—just as if the two poor copies of verses had been a Dry-rot, threatening the whole life and beauty of Comus, Lycidas, and other work in their vicinity! I confess that I have read these *Hobsons* 20 times, and always with amusement, without the lest injury to the higher and very different Delight afforded by Milton's *poetry*.—These are the Junior Soph's very learned Jocularities. S. T. C.

And why should not Milton as well as other Cantabs like to chuckle over his old College Jokes and crack them anew?

32. P. 330. Sonnet IV. ll. 1-2.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,

Quel ritroso io ch'ampor spreggiar foléa. . . .

(b) Coleridge's corrections:

maraviglia	[e for first a]
ch'ampor	[p deleted]

33. P. 340. Sonnet to Mr. H. Lawes.

(b) Coleridge: It is rather singular that the compliment to a musician by the most musical of all poets and who loved the man as well as his Art, should be the least musical of all the Sonnets—notwithstanding the sweetness of the last 3 lines. S. T. C.

34. P. 376. Translation of Psalm VII.

(a) Warton comments on this poem: This is a very pleasing Stanza, and which I do not elsewhere recollect.

(b) Coleridge: A B A B B A. A more pleasing stanza might I think be constructed for a *shorter* poem by extending it to eight lines

A B A B B A B A

ire rage fire cage page sire wage lyre

35. P. 378. Translation of Psalm VIII. Second Stanza.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence t'oppose.

(b) Coleridge: A truly majestic composition. Milton pronounced *Jē hō vāh*, as an amphimacer. S. T. C.

Milton's ear taught him that accent even with emphasis, provided the latter be slight, quickens the sound. I doubt not, that Milton meant that there should be no elision of the e final of the definite article, but intended *thē ènēmŷ* for a dicretic or tetrabrach isochronous only to an emphasised Iambic. I find it easy to read the line so as to give it a good and striking metrical effect, by at once rapidly and yet emphatically pronouncing "the *ènemy*" with a smart stroke on the "en."

S. T. Coleridge.

36. P. 379. Translation to Psalm VIII. Fifth Stanza. ll. 1-2.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet. . . .

(b) Coleridge : The two first lines of the 5th stanza are more difficult. Yet even here there needs only an educated ear. In the first line the two last feet properly read are almost spondees instead of iambs : the others, a trochee and a chor-iambic. Now count the four last syllables as equal to six breves, and you have the same number of times as in pure Iambics, and the spondaic character of the two last feet compensating for the quickened utterance of the 3 former.

37. Pp. 385-6. Translation of Psalm LXXXII.

(b) Coleridge : With a few alterations this Psalm might be adopted in a new church version, or at least a revision of Sternhold.

38. P. 386. Translation of Psalm LXXXII. l. 24.

As other Princes *die*.

(b) Coleridge : Other ? Ought not the word to have been in italics ? 'This is the only passage or verse in the Old Testament in which I can imagine any allusion to the fall of the Spirits, the Thrones, or Potentates. Our Lord plainly interpreted the verse in this sense.

39. P. 421. Latin Elegy to Charles Deodate. l. 12.

Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

(a) Warton reads this passage as showing " that Milton was sentenced to undergo a temporary removal or rustication from Cambridge."

(b) Coleridge : I cannot agree with Warton. It seems to me far more probable that Deodate in a pedantic fit had called Milton's vacation an exile from the Muses—and that Milton tacitly, or rather implicitly, reproves his friend's pedantry. But how Warton could have so utterly mistaken the sense of the 11 and 12 lines is astonishing.

40. P. 429. Latin Elegy to Charles Deodate. l. 70.

Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.

(b) Coleridge : Remarkable, that a man of so fine a ear as Milton, should have endured a short syllable before *St*—theatra *stolis*.

41. P. 533. Sylvarum Liber. l. 6.

Adesdum, et haec s'is verba pauca Salsillo.

(b) Coleridge's correction :

haec

hanc ?

IN TRANQUILLITY

Being some reflections on Diageliv's Ballet

By ROBERT HERRING

DESPITE the novelties, the Satie festival and the performances of *Parade*, the most astonishing thing about the recent season of ballet at His Majesty's has been the ineptitude of the criticisms concerning it. Of course one sympathises with the theatrical journalists. They are used to the drama, they know a good play when they see one ; but the ballet is not their business. How could it be ? There is no reason on earth why a man who knows a good play should know a good ballet. And how many of either kind know good scenery and good music, and all the other products of imagination that go to compose one ballet ? All the arts are run into one in a ballet : it is really very difficult. There remains the public. It flocks ; it fills the pit-door campstools at half-past five and packs its upper-circle during heat-wave *matinées*. This being so, since the critics would not conceivably class themselves with the highbrows or intelligentsia, it seems a pity they should alienate themselves from the rest of the public by persistent contrariety. There are too many cliques as it is ; let us not have the unfashionable popular or the uncognisant *cognoscenti*. "*Parade*," writes one, "will probably not be seen again." But it was, you know—and by request. Really, there seems not very much reason for them to go on writing if the stalls won't read them and the gallery takes no notice. But there is a very big reason why more trouble should be taken about the one art our century has fostered and brought to fruit : a large amount of people do not go to the ballet. They might, but they think they would be bored. *There's nothing pretty in standing on one leg and I do like to hear a bit of talk*. Inept criticisms encourage them to think they will be bored, and so they miss, without a word, from the other side, so much, without knowing they are missing it.

II

Many otherwise cultured and intelligent people are, as they say, "put off" by the idea of ballet. They think it effeminate for a man to spend his time in pirouettes and leaps—in, in short, dancing and finicky gesture. Grace, of course, is not a manly virtue. But the same people, who say this, will writhe with joy in their padded masculine arm-chair at a man who dances, after all, with his pen—a James or a de la Mare ; they will even applaud the niggliest of cherry-stone carvers, be the carving done in verse. They will praise the delicacy of a sculptor, the lightness of touch of a pianist and a jockey's sensitiveness ; they marvel at the balance, restraint and play of muscle required in a tennis-player. Paderewski, Donoghue, Tilden may pass, when Idzikovsky and Lifar should find something better

to do. After all, what is it, this ballet-dancing ? Pointing your toes and standing a long time on one foot—and *they have blocks, my dear, in their shoes for that*. The body was not made for this, though fingers were made to play and carve, to trace arabesques in ink though not on air, and legs may leap on the court and the pitch, but not upon the stage. Yet ask these people. Ask them if it is better for a fine voice to sing or to shout. They will reply, overwhelmingly, sing. But if you say is it not better for a fine body to dance than to lurch or run, they will not agree. For because so few can dance, it is “artificial.” It was once “artificial” to act, but charity matinées and the pressure of taxes on the peerage have altered that. Long ago it was “artificial” to write: I can only wish it were equally “artificial” to speak, for words are imperfect things ; they occurred because expression by gesture required more skill and leisure than people had time to give. The war-dance, however, comes before the war-cry, and men danced before they sang, whilst, as for effeminacy, take a seat slightly to one side one evening and see how, in the wings, the men are slapped and rubbed, read Cocteau’s story of Nijinski, and watch the sailors panting after the scherzo in *Les Matelots*. Doubtless the young men should find something better to do, this will wear them out before their time !

III

As one may not lay claim to possessing all the qualities lacking in others, of being equally knowledgeable on dance, dresses and *décor*, music and *mise-en-scène*, it is best not to review separately each ballet, saying gaily, as a master on a report, “Dance good, music fair” ; instead I want to get behind it, and to state what I, for one, take the ballet to be doing. That seems at once the fairer way, and the easiest method of explaining just why the ballet is important to our blustering, blatant civilisation. Appreciation of the ballet is dependent on knowledge of the choreography. Blind liking of setting, of music or plain straightforward dancing, such as the Can-Can of *La Boutique* or the Bowmen’s dance in *Prince Igor* may stimulate interest until that becomes curiosity as to choreography. But when you hear people say they adore the ballet and discover that they cannot tell Petipa’s work from La Nijinska’s, you may know they are deceiving themselves ; of ballet as a whole they know nothing ; they go because one sense is satisfied, eye or ear or heart when Petroushka is killed or Silvestra duped. That is in the modern way ; one sense only, while the others are left idle. You become preoccupied with light, and develop it in your pictures to the exclusion of all other composition ; or you become so excited over composition that you distort legs and arms to fit them in, or do not bring out your foreground from your background at all. One at a time, and you have Monet, Picasso, Degas. And as with painting, so with the others, except ballet, which, by taking the one-sided arts, welds them into a whole beyond them. It is for this harmonising that I called ballet the one art of our century, and of this art, the choreography is the most important thing, and choreographers more important than composers,

dancers or designers. For there is the story of the ballet, which the choreographer interprets as he thinks, and according to his scheme. It is according to his scheme, and the elements of the story he has stressed, that the ballet takes shape. The same story may be viewed in many lights, and it is useless for others to view it in the cold light of satire when the choreographer is flooding the stage with rose.

The most important choreographers in order have been Petipa, Fokine, Nijinski, Massine and Nijinska. Cecchetti did several ballets, but they are rarely remembered and never performed now, and though he is important, in choreography as in everything with the dance, it is chiefly because of his dissension from the methods of Marius Petipa, who had been thirty years in Petrograd when Cecchetti arrived there. Even though he differed, he retained much of the old "classic" dancing, and dancers have progressed far from the days when their aim and idea of an artistic triumph was to perform thirty-two pirouettes in succession, as Cecchetti did on his *début*. Cecchetti influenced choreography more as a *maestro* who taught all the most brilliant dancers—Pavlova, Karsavina, Lopokova, and Massine, Nijinsky, Woizikovsky and Idzikovsky. Thus he influenced the choreographers, by training those who were to be their exponents and, in the case of Massine, training and laying the foundation of that artist's theory of the dance. For Cecchetti is an Italian, and Massine's predecessors, says the author of *The New Spirit in the European Theatre*, were French and Italian.

We hear a lot now of the international character of the ballet; talk is made of the "Gallic" influence, and it is, one is hard put to it quite to see why, deplored that the ballet is no longer Russian. It is interesting therefore to realise that the ballet was Italian before it was Russian.

Nijinsky's ballets are no longer performed, and of Petipa's choreography, only one ballet remains in the programme—the inevitable, overdressed, flashy *Aurora's Wedding* that is brought out at the end of every season—to the delight of the critics and indifference of everyone else, if one may judge from the palling interest with which it was received when it followed *La Boutique* and *Romeo and Juliet* on the last night of the latest season. "Hurray!" cry the critics, "here is *Aurora* again," and they rave of the detached dancing, the pointed and pointless virtuosity which they call "the good old classical steps." "Here is dancing," they cry—"let us have no more film-stars or sailors; give us the fairies," and that is the thanks M. Diaghilev and his company receive for their creativeness, and their refusal to let ballet die, like opera, of a fatty heart. I fancy that to M. Diaghilev opera resembles an old gentleman persistently choking himself to death by repeating the same things in the same way, a little worse each time. But that was Petipa's choreography—a poise on the toe, and a spin for the woman, while the man leapt elegantly in the background; or a spin for the man and for the woman a progress *en pointes* down the stage. It is beautifully done, and requires rigid technique, but it matters not at all. It is merely, what they say wrongfully of the new ballets, merely clever. It means little, it expresses nothing, but it *shows*, oh, it shows—the dancers'

virtuosity. And that, and not that "the season may end brilliantly" is why it is chosen unfailingly to end with, and usually to begin with; every dancer gets his chance; he leaps on, takes his position, acknowledges the applause, Tschaikowsky's pat music commences and—whizz, the firework's off! It is, as I said, terribly well done; there is a kind of beauty in the sheer efficiency of its doing, but it is not art. It is not the expression you are asked to admire, but the execution: not what you actually see, but the fact that you should be *able* to see it—the difficulty of it. "How hard that must be, how painful (or how much practised, not to be painful)." Not how beautiful, never how beautiful, but only how beautiful to be able to do that. Why? Because it is so difficult. It is always the difficulty you come back to in these old ballets, and there is a slight irony in the fact that the more polished and brilliant the technique, the more do you see the rehearsal-room behind it. Yet you must not see the worker in overalls behind the finished work of art. "This is what I feel," says the artist, and by the strength of his feeling, he makes you feel it too. This kind of ballet does not do that; it takes you as far away as it can from it. It is useless to be appealed to in anything with pretensions to a work of art, by brilliance of execution, flashiness of technique or allure of subject; it is the emotion of the whole that the artist felt and you, in his place, feel. And that is why many of the poses in later ballets though in their way as "difficult," demanding as much, yet are art. They do not stress their difficulty to the exclusion of all else; they occur and are beautiful, and it is at their *finished* beauty you marvel. Such is Lifar's astounding pose at the end of *Zephyr and Flora*, when leaping in the air, he falls backward, his head and elbows only touching the ground, while with his hands he supports his body, one leg stiff in the air, one touching, so lightly, the earth; or, again, Flora's dance with the goddesses at the end of the first tableau in that ballet; or the telegraph boy's dance in *La Pastorale*.

Fokine comes next, and represents the middle-stage between Petipa and Massine, from whom Nijinska derives. Fokine aimed at movement pure and on the whole simple; the more complex question of form, which was Nijinsky's concern, he left untouched. It was movement only, and when he is forced by the dictates of the theme to express something more than can be done with arms and legs, he becomes mimetic, and the spectator feels, suddenly, for a moment or fraction of a moment, that speech is needed. The body as a dancing instrument he hardly explored; it was limbs only, and legs chiefly, that he used. Petroushka's desperate hammering at the door is the nearest approach he made to unlocking this other door of rich expressiveness, of using the whole body, that Massine so developed. For descent to gesture, everyday gesture, brings ballet down to everyday things, makes it life-like, and in life you *do* talk. In *Petroushka*, marvellous ballet as it is, I think there are several moments when you do feel the crowd is a little hampered by its dumbness. Movement, to interpret life, must be really so much more than just movement. If you are to interpret everything by movement, you

cannot with no addition use gestures that ordinarily go with speech. *Thamar* is an instance of this—*Thamar*, which is just a story and no more ; there is nothing behind it ; no larger background. Only Bakst's livid scenery, and the enchantress enacting her voluptuous spell over chance wanderers in sumptuous isolation, with a *corps de ballet* treading perfunctory measures at a respectful distance.

Thamar lacks space ; it tells its dull story, with no suggestion of anything beyond, no allusiveness, no hint of " the weariness, the fever and the fret," or the majesty and beauty, it may be ; beyond which, however, despite their slightness, it is the great merit of the new ballets to possess.

Fokine's choreography as I see it can illustrate, but not express. It was Massine who took up the science where he left off, and developed from *Petroushka* those three masterpieces of *La Boutique Fantasque*, *The Three-Cornered Hat* and *Le Donne di Bueno Umore*. In these he still retained, to a large extent, the dumb show, and explanatory gesture—the supper-party in *Le Donne* leaps to mind ; but then there is that wonderful dance of Constanza in her scarlet dress, ornamented with lace and flowers, a triumph of artifice. Tchernicheva as she hangs there, poised in this scarlet bell wakening to Scarlatti's magic, a poppy, were it not something more fair than a poppy, more breathless than a rose, a flower to the bees' music, makes this movement one that draws out the soul in a crowded theatre and leaves one an aching, coated husk to be battered and bruised by one's fellows when the clapping begins. In *La Boutique*, also, there was plenty of " realism," of hands that, uplifted, meant indignation and of lorgnette and swishing skirt that showed hauteur ; but these somehow meant more than they used to, and there was a hint of something else, of a new method of suggestion, in the fussing shopkeeper's assistant, which gave the exact eagerness of youth, that *does* regard the necessity for any qualifications, to be servile or attentive, almost as a chance to act, to throw one's self into a role.

In these ballets, too, there was a stronger power of correlation : a performance was a whole, and not a series of episodes. One was left marvelling at the grasp of a mind that fused so much. It is true, I instanced a " moment " in *Le Donne*,—but it was not detached and useless, not there only for itself. It was a peak and a point in the theme ; there were more peaks and finally the summit. The steps of Niccolo (Woizikovsky)—jerky, conceited, doing more than is needed in the execution of waitership—all prepare the audience for the kind of man that *would* consent to dress up as a lover for the Marquise. They prepare—they do not reveal, for that would detract from the main theme, and this incident is not yet in the main story. But it is there, ready to be ; and that is the exhilarating thing about Massine's ballets, the control and easy plaiting of so many varied threads, the loving hard work that shows him as an artist in the old unabused sense. He leaves no loose ends ; all the time he is employing details and has the strength to make them, when he needs them, important in their turn. As the result, repeated visits to any one ballet bring forth more and more. The first time it may happen that you

are vaguely thrilled without knowing the cause or means of your delight ; you may not even have been wholeheartedly entranced, but some one thing, a costume, or a solo and a bar or two of music, decide you to go again, and—you *see*. You find more, you begin to grasp and appreciate. After all, it is not so odd ; none cares to condemn a picture or a piece of music after a first meeting, even a poem is frequently read twice. And so, a return to the ballet means that from one sense, an ear or an eye being stormed, the intellect, governing all these, comes forth from its fort and grapples with it ; your whole mental self is worthily engaged. You know that here at last is something that will not fall away. Landor lied, and an intense gratitude pervades you as you begin to live with these people. I know of no modern play, unless it be *The Prisoners of War*, that has moved me so much as have one or two of these ballets ; no modern characters about whom I care as I care for Petroushka, for the Can-can dancers, Boreas and Zephyr, or the girl who loved a sailor. I take these people about with me. They fill the empty seats in buses, they trip across the Park, and when I rest or dream, in return they let me into their lives and I know them. I know what they will do as I know what the Wyf of Bath and Hamlet, Vittoria, Millamant and Morris's men and women will do. And now, on reflection, what a very fine ballet would *Troilus and Cressida* make.

All this is due to Massine—Massine who now at the Pavilion seems to content himself with leaping as high and smiling as much as he can, while Nemtchinova wears a silver wig and performs Chopin polonaises in a Deauville Casino. Or am I unfair, and are these, the leaps and the grin and the silver wig in the contract ? But this is the wrong theatre ; it is to His Majesty's that we return, to the magic toyshop, the three-cornered hat and the joking ladies again and again, but most often I think to those merry, joking ladies. The designs of Derain for *La Boutique* are perfect, and Picasso's splendid restraint grows more right and satisfying every time, whilst one does, in the favourite ballet, begin to tire of Bakst's tomato-red on crimson, his yellow and magenta is no longer very courageous ; but in this same ballet there are the two most lovely dresses Diaghilev himself has ever shown Europe—Constanza's already referred to, and that of the creeping white-masked musician. After a little, again, de Falla's music for *The Hat* grows wearisome ; it is " Spanish " so very easily, in the way Picasso refused to be, and there comes a time when one is less intent on enjoying Rossine's toyshop melodies than on anticipating the next one. In *The Ladies*, however, all the elements are one, indivisible : Goldoni's characters dressed by Bakst and Scarlatti choreographed by Massine, or, if you will have it, Diaghilev's dancers in costumes by Bakst and Goldoni set moving by Massine. Yet no sooner have I, after Lopokova has been dancing Mariuccia, admitted this preference, no sooner do I bring to mind the old Marquise powdering in her balcony to the first decisive strains, or recall the whole of that moth-brown, moth-soft square, than I think wistfully of the paddle-steamer outside the toyshop and those blue

curtains that shut it out. I see Doubrovskaya as a Queen, Idzikovsky as the Snob and my heart is for *La Boutique*! *La Boutique* with its tragic lovers, the Can-can dancers bought by different owners! How sorry I am! How freely does my sympathy go out, when, heralded by "twelve of their friends" (a description giving no idea of the ethereal grace of the *corps de ballet*, outdoing the praised loveliness of *Les Sylphides*), they have their brief last hour. For they are friends of mine, they confide in me and now they are to be parted, and there will be no more of their ravishing skill. This, surely, is the ballet I dream of—this, that gives Lopokova such scope for her wonderful elfin grace, in the grouping as she is raised, clouded in white and blue, over the Cossacks' heads, so that she seems like a swan floating by green reeds or—why should one alter it?—an adorable doll, whose heart, if it is wax, melts and suffers only the more easily. And yet, does not *Romeo and Juliet*, after a direct appeal to our modern consciousness, transport us further? Is it not true that, in this new ballet, there are needed no lace curtains to shut in the tale, block out the horrible blank window? Does not this new ballet accept drab life and transmute it? For the ballet is rehearsing, and the dancers who are to take the parts of Romeo and of Juliet are late; they are, in fact, in love with each other. And when they dance, they linger over their own poses, and fret at all that keeps them apart, even though that be the ballet, which brought them together. Is there not criticism here, and is not our laughter Meredithian? And then, after the practice, a dress rehearsal, in a littered stage, with only the principal characters in costume, and here, deeply inwoven, and gaining by the contrast of the not yet perfectly rehearsed steps, there rises the actual love-story of the dancers over the romance of *Romeo and Juliet*. We in the audience, we know, we appreciate the intensity of their love, as it contends with the Maestro's impatience, their own forgetfulness and the muddle and chaos. All of this ballet is conceived in a blend of passionate beauty and gentle wit. Karsavina's *Juliet* has an air of gentle romantic resignation to love, as well as a fanning up of it, that few stage Juliets have ever approached. (Dramatic actresses in this part are usually peroxide playing at Pickford passion.) And Lifar, too, is ideal in his portrayal of a young man's first ardently worshipping love.

La Nijinska was the choreographer of *Romeo and Juliet*, and she has developed from Massine. Her ballet *Les Biches* was produced, before *Les Matelots*, when Massine's choreography first broke away from Fokine's, and *Les Noces* was performed in Paris five years ago. Yet Nijinska is really following in Massine's footsteps, occasionally, as is natural, broadening the prints. Massine's aim is to reach a choreography that shall combine Fokine's theories of movement with Nijinsky's idea of form, to reach a more plastic art. *Les Matelots*, despite some Charleston steps, does represent a new endeavour in choreography. In this respect most clearly it was an improvement on the recent ballets in which one or other element had dominated. Massine evolved very beautiful new postures and groupings, and they come indubitably nearer to that ideal of

ballet which may be defined as the figures of the Grecian Urn come to life. The solo dances that each of the sailors performs on his return are the most noticeable instance of this. The expressive power of the whole body is called into play as, I think, never before. Each rib, each muscle is made as poignantly full as the lines of *Othello* or *Modern Love*. Not only limbs have been studied, but the linking and relating of those limbs with one another. The human body to Massine is something he can take and mould into fine, finished forms of beauty, and thus give us suddenly something we have been waiting years to have expressed. He finds eloquence where none had suspected it, where now we would be loth to do without it. This is most to be seen in Lifar's positions. Lifar came to fame in *Les Matelots*. His lithe form more easily than the others adapts itself to the new methods. He lacks as yet the complete mastery they have; there is sometimes a sense of strain, sometimes uncertainty, but these will go and are, meanwhile, the very outcome of his alertness, his intelligent activity and responsiveness. The next Massine ballet was *Zephyr and Flora*, danced by Nikitina, Tcherkas and Lifar, with Tchernicheva, dressed somewhat unfortunately in brown, leading the *corps de ballet*. Boreas is in love with Flora, and to be rid of Zephyr, he devises a game of blind-man's buff, during which he advances to Flora and then, unseen, shoots an arrow at her husband. By a lily-thick cave on Olympus, he gains Flora, who faints, and in fear he flees. When Flora awakes, bearers are bringing in Zephyr's limp body. The goddesses mourn and lament, and then, Zephyr revives. Flora and he dance a *pas de joie* which is terminated by the capture of Boreas, whom they leave to be punished. Either as a means of peace on earth or as an ironical commentary, there are more goddesses than gods on the Sacred Mount, and they fall eagerly on this handsome and fine young man, who is disgusted by their enticements. This note, of a young man set at by women, and his boredom in consequence, is a peculiarly modern note; I do not mean up-to-date, but that particular facet of our existence which must strike posterity (unless boredom debars us of so ungrateful an appanage). *Zephyr* is cavilled at by some people on account of the goddesses; they find them, with their pearls and their tiaras, trivial; the fact that they are meant to be does not matter, for it is an axiom that, in criticising, the artist's aim can be completely disregarded; that must be as it may, either the wit of their conception appeals to you or it does not. But to complain of their gay steps and gambols shows only you are missing the pattern—not mourning the lack of touch with reality. *Zephyr* opens with the goddesses disporting on Olympus, which they treat as Dinard *plage*. After all, it is only goals that change, what they typify remains the same. Once, every woman sighed for a harp in Heaven, now it is Dinard and diamonds. To this *Paradis-plage* there enters Boreas, burning with love. Such open passion shocks the goddesses and they flee. Boreas then, to create an opening, makes use of a game—thus bringing back the original playing motif. When he flees, after shooting Zephyr,

they re-appear and group themselves affectionately round Flora ; this is the foreshadowing of their mourning in the final scene. But before this, Boreas's love has reached its successful climax, and the grouping of the goddesses changes in intensity to loving grief and wailing. They gather round Flora now because Zephyr has really fled—they think him dead—as they had earlier assembled, supposing Boreas to be fled. The dance Zephyr performs on his reviving is an echo of his dance in the game, when the same hand shut his eyes in play as planned to do so in earnest for ever, and as *that* dance was followed by the passion of Boreas, now he is brought in by those who *were* Zephyr's bearers, in a frenzy of another kind. And, finally, it is the goddesses who make love to him this time, they who had been shocked before, and now it is he who is disgusted. To call this trivial is very much like calling Morris a decadent, surely, or Keats a sensualist. And apart from the exceptional beauty of the choreography, this ballet is remarkable for the serenity of Braque's designs. His colours pass through gold, pale green and blue, to grey, and whirling brown, dark green ; they emerge in tranquillity again with blue, gold-brown and silver. The back-cloths, revealed to Dukelsky's entirely fitting music, waken that same sweet ache that a long sunset in May brings, as one looks with the heart full of longing to share its infinitude. They sweep clean, these settings of Braque, as a clear sky sweeps clean, and leaves a full radiance in the mind, an energising stream.

La Pastorale was a ballet of this July's season, rather dully choreographed by Balanchin, though it deserved better than it received from the critics, even from Mr. Turner, who alone has known with what he is being confronted when he sits down before a new ballet. The theme of *Pastorale* was amusing enough. It could be an exceedingly diverting ballet, not without some shrewd satire. But Balanchin's inspiration flagged ; the crowd was dull and unmanaged, the film-taking not made enough of, and though it was a good idea to make the scenery of the town dance, that fizzled also. In general, one felt there was either a constant preparation for something actually dull or that a movement ended just when its interest began. Balanchin lacked a fundamental inspiration, and so there were only good "moments." But they were very good—Lifar's dance of self-abasing adoration, his wooing, his drying after his bathe were all vital, in new forms that they made the most of by the urgency of the expression they gave ; method and matter in these dances were in harmony, but for most of the ballet it showed all the trends of the new choreography—not hesitating to lie on the floor, to kneel or to "dance" on hands and knees—it exhibited them without using them, and it may be termed the one ballet that seemed "modern" just to be that. Pruna's scenery must be excepted from this. Pruna's scenery succeeded. It was so easy to be facile with "a Riverside Meadow in June" and so easy to be *précieux*. He avoided both, and painted a scene that he must have felt, of a river that curved through fields not the least glamorous, flanked by a dusty shrub or two with a hot brick wall about. Somehow, it fitted.

Both this and Massine's new ballets, as well as *Les Biches* and *Les Noces* owe their origin to *Parade*. This ballet, with the theme by Cocteau, was produced, amid the exhibitions of frenzy that the French seem to prepare for ballet *premières*, in 1917. And unless one knew beforehand what was Cocteau's aim, one would not know after. But, did one know, had one read *A Call to Order*, there was a certain pleasure akin to map-reading, in following the trail, and one caught at the swift disconnected movements of the American girl as one catches at flying landmarks. *Parade* was a starting point, its expression was not adequate to its conception, but its revival among the ballets to which it has given birth (ballets, now, of consummate expressiveness) was interesting apart from Erik Satie. Briefly, Cocteau and Massine were no longer intent on making a character expressing herself by doing, in the convention of dance, what she ordinarily would in any set of circumstances. They no longer wanted to interpret body by body, but mind by body—to show the actions and reactions of the mind translated into terms of the body, and, die your convictions never so hardly, you must admit that that is not the same as the actions performed by the body. The mind feels and the body behaves quite at loggerheads in emotional crises; to see the body's action, therefore, only suggests by recollection what the mind was feeling. It is vision at one remove, and lacks the clarity, the absolute bare confronting that modern art demands. There must be nothing in the way, hard skull rather than fleshy heart is the thing to probe. In the old way, ballet-dancing translated the ordinary actions as first translated (or transfigured) by the body from the mind; that intermediate translating no longer interests us; we want the cause revealed, we care not what the characters do so much as why and how they do it. Ballet is as analytical and as psychological as the modern novel, play or poem, but with this difference, that it is so successfully. Massine and Nijinska seek to express the mind, and that is why it is absurd to talk of the ballet as an old horse *à qui on donne, de temps en temps, des piqures*. New methods of expression must necessarily be put to use before new material is available. The weakness of the ballet at the moment is not in its dancers, who are level and brilliant without being marvels of their craft, nor in its composers or designers, but in the makers of its plots, and while the choreographers are experimenting this does not matter, and there is no reason to expect that new devisers will not appear when the time is ready. Looked at in the same way and for the same things as the old masterpieces, it may seem that ballet is keeping alive by repeating itself. It is the fashion among those who inform us on the ballet to say, on perceiving any trace of tradition, that that should not be there, whilst implying the same, by neglect, of whatever new may be there as well. But looked at rightly, these abrupt postures, broken gestures and linked groupings have to us a deeper meaning, a truer beauty, and more promise of peace than the old ballet or than any of our other arts to-day can offer us. It is this indeed that has helped M. Diagheliv. No one who has been to the new French galleries at the Tate

can deny that the artists represented come out much better than at their own exhibitions. They are not great enough to support a one-man show. But they fall into place admirably among other painters, and they fall into place admirably in the collaboration of art that is the ballet. Several of them, however, seem to lack sufficient stage-sense. Massine's ideas, of course, will not tolerate an encumbered stage, he wants as much room as possible, but many of them seem to confine themselves to a back-cloth framed in by plain strip wings. The sides of the stage form no part of their picture. They do not seem to realise, save Ernst and Mirio, that your dancers must be *in* the setting, not dancing before it. When the designs were to be seen in M. Lifar's exhibition at the Chenil Galleries, it was striking how much more effective they were as pictures than as stage sets. Even the beautiful *Jack-in-the-Box* colouring gained. Marie Laurencin, though, in her design for *Les Biches*, showed herself an exception—the design went on, down to the footlights, with that flight of white steps, the screen and the black door. *Les Biches* I regard as the triumphant vindication, the proof of the necessity for modern ballet's existence. M. Cocteau calls it the *fêtes galantes* of his time; he is an author charmingly unqualified as to statement, but that is an opinion held by very many. *Les Biches* is the most eagerly and intelligently received of the new ballets, the ballets that are *ours* and express *us*, with our hesitations, our swift reflexes and self-consciousness, and the final word, the tribute deserved by *Les Biches* and Nemtchinova who unforgettably danced it, are to be found in *A Call to Order*. Here, one can say nothing; its appeal and its existence even are so wrapped in one's self if one likes it, that one would be left bare and trembling, did one bring it forth as a weapon to convince.

Nemtchinova's grave dance, sharp as a thought in a blue tight jacket, is a memory of a season other than this year's; at His Majesty's it was Félia Doubrovskia who lit up the ballet. In the vast space of the Coliseum, though one saw all in better perspective, one could not notice the dancers so much: even Doubrovskia's eyes could not quite burn through the smoky gloom. But at His Majesty's one could study the dancers individually, and it was Doubrovskia who detached herself. She is so alert, so vital, and her technique, like Nemtchinova's, is a part of herself. In the least of her parts, as one of the nurses in *Petroushka* or tucked away in any *corps de ballet*, her keen intelligence makes her a torch among tapers. She has more personality than Nikitina, the other *danseuse* to whom Diaghilev is giving opportunities; Nikitina has charm, but is too concerned as yet with the execution of her part, and many of her poses as Flora lose the edge of their exquisiteness by reason of her not quite dependable balance. She is as yet no substitute for Nemtchinova, whose loss leaves a great gap. Lopokova cannot fill it, for she is *great* in her own way, but nothing in Nemtchinova's. Lopokova belongs to early Massine and one cannot see her in *Les Matelots* without a sense of incongruity.

Lifar, *le beau gosse* of the ballet, has the advantage over the quartet he forms with Woizikovsky, Slavinsky and Idzikovsky that he is tall and of

slimmer build. To say that his technique is far behind the others is foolery ; it would disgrace them were his not, and it is of a different kind. He does not need his arms and legs kept in the strict subjection of old times, for his new ballets need fluttering fingers, abrupt changes and sharp poses. At present he bares his teeth too much, in the fault Massine fell into. But he has an engaging earnestness, he throws himself into his parts and when he is more effortless, Lifar will ensure that the ballet will continue with fine dancers, giving to an over-intellectualised age plain showing of animal health and vigour and satisfying the sharper needs of that intellect with perfected experiments of a past time and new ideas of a present. That is the cause of the ballet's artistic success—Diageliv's catholicity. His detachment and judgment, with only a concession or two to popular taste, that enable him to include in a five weeks' season a programme that is a history of his art itself. Here in one run is *Thamar*, its *Tamburlane* ; *Petroushka* and *La Boutique*, its *Othello* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* ; its *Way of the World* in *Le Donne di Bueno Umoro*, and Proust and Pirandello in *Les Biches* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Here you can see the filmy skirts of *Les Sylphides* or the shawl that is a train in *La Pastorale*, hear Stravinsky on his honey-flight down the ages and people your mind, enrich your memory and enlarge yourself, with Moors and *matelots*, Cossacks, Queens of Spades, gay ladies or tragic dancers, Prince Igor or a puppet as you will. You may take away Lopokova's mischief, Doubrovskia's sophistication and Karsavina's deftness. And you will have left behind ? You will have left doubt of your own ability, fear of the future and distrust of your age behind you. You may even have made quick-coming death a little thing, having seen this, and have become like Morris's heroes when

Their hearts were gladdened ; for before their eyes
 Played youths and damsels with strange fantasies,
 Clad as in Saturn's time folk used to be,
 With green leaves gathered from the summer tree,
 When all the year was summer everywhere
 And every man and woman blest and fair.

That is why I cannot help regarding as out of touch those who cry peevishly that *Les Biches* is "fussily inane," and handicapped when they find it "intolerably tedious"; why I cannot but feel it hasty to classify *Les Noces* as "rigid and unbeautiful" and a scandal to all notions of hospitality, let alone gratitude, to say, with no regard for taste, that it is "an attempt to portray life through the eyes of a raving maniac." Anyone who, finding it "an ordeal," thinks that statement to be of help to a musician's art, the public's pleasure or his own profession, must be a little far from the normality he affects to adorn. After all, if you do not like the smell of burning rubber, why not remove your thick shoes before entering on holy ground ?

CORRESPONDENCE

A DRYDEN MISPRINT

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Mr. E. L. Warmington's query in your June issue regarding the badly punctuated passage he quotes from *All for Love* (III. 1. 17-20) can be answered at once from the original editions of the play. The first edition (1678) reads :—

Receive me, goddess :
 Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle nets, like Vulcan,
 In thy embraces I would be beheld
 By Heav'n and Earth at once :

This punctuation remains substantially the same throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, namely in the editions of 1678 (two), 1692, 1696, 1703, 1709, 1720, 1728, 1764, 1776 (two), 1792, and in the editions included in Dryden's *Works* in 1701, 1717, 1735 and 1762. The only alteration in line 18 occurs in 1792, when the comma after "nets" is omitted.

The colons after "goddess" and after "once" are rhetorical stops, to indicate special emphasis. They were replaced in 1792 by the more modern "goddess!" and "once,".

It is a pity that the modern desire for a faithful text has not yet overtaken the many books requiring such.—Yours, etc.

178, Birchanger Road, Woodside, S.E.25.

GWENDOLEN MURPHY.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—I am at present engaged in compiling a bibliography of the writings of Mr. Aldous Huxley. I should be very grateful for any help your readers could give me in tracing contributions by him to periodicals and fugitive publications.—Yours, etc.

Dulau & Company, 34, Margaret Street, W.1.

PERCY H. MUIR.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

I HAVE seldom come across a job better done than the introduction which Mr. A. W. Pollard has written for the fine facsimile of William Tyndale's translation of *The Beginning of the New Testament* (Oxford University Press. Limited edition. Price one guinea). The original exists only in a unique fragment, which is in the British Museum, of the uncompleted quarto edition printed at Cologne in 1525, and consists of Tyndale's *Prologue*, a table of contents, and the first twenty-one chapters, with a part of the twenty-second, of St. Matthew. What excites my admiration is not Mr. Pollard's scholarship—it would ill befit me to pass an opinion upon the scholarship of one of the most distinguished of living bibliographers—but the admirable way in which the facts are marshalled, and the tale told by a neat dovetailing of narrative and quotation, in this introduction. It is, indeed, a model for works of its kind, and it is written in English that refuses to handle clumsily its stiff burden of facts. Would that all scholars could write so! The story of Tyndale's determination to translate the Bible into English, so that "a boy that driveth the plough should know more of the Scripture" than many a priest of Tyndale's time, is one of the most thrilling in the history of the English people; and the uncompleted Cologne edition of 1525 was the first step towards the realisation of Tyndale's ambition. Originally he had dreamed of making his translation under the patronage of Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of London, "but God which knoweth what is within hypocrites, sawe that I was begyled and that that counsell was not the nexte way unto my purpose. And therefore he gate me no favoure in my lordes sight"—from which sentence it is evident that the great translator was perhaps a trifle short of the commodity of Christian charity. In 1524, therefore, Tyndale went to Germany, completed his translation of the New Testament, and in 1525 was supervising the secret printing of it in Cologne. Success, however, was still to elude him, for one Dobneck, a Roman Catholic controversialist, heard rumours of it, and, by the means of making some printers drunk, got hold of the truth, and managed to get the Senate to forbid the printers to continue the work. Tyndale escaped to Worms, taking with him the ten sheets already printed. Apparently three thousand copies of these sheets had been printed, but how many of them Tyndale took with him is not known, and the sole surviving copy contains only sixty-two out of eighty pages. The book is, however, obviously one of the greatest importance, especially as the text is accompanied by Tyndale's marginal commentary, and the present facsimile is a most welcome one. It should be added that, for the sake of comparison, the reader is also given the fifth Chapter of St. Matthew in the following six versions:—Tyndale's version of 1535, the Great Bible of 1539, the Geneva Bible of 1560, the Bishops' Bible of 1572, the Jesuit Version (printed at Rheims) of 1582, and the Authorised Version of 1611.

ANOTHER volume—and a very beautiful one—containing facsimiles is *The Passports Printed by Benjamin Franklin at his Passy Press* (quarto, price £2 10s.), which I have received from the Oxford University Press. In reality this is an American publication (for which the Oxford Press are the English agents), and it is printed, in an edition of five hundred and fifty copies, by Mr. Bruce Rogers for the William L. Clements Library of Ann Arbour. The book contains an essay by Mr. Randolph G. Adams, in which he describes three passport forms printed by Benjamin Franklin at Passy while he was Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to France. In 1914 Mr. Luther S. Livingstone described for the Grolier Club all the known publications of the Passy Press, being then thirty-two in number. Among them were two passport forms (numbers 31 and 32 of Mr. Livingstone's list), one for persons and one for ships, but each of the three forms now described is quite distinct from either of the two already known. Of these three discoveries one is in the William L. Clements Library of the University of Michigan, one in the library of Mr. W. S. Mason, of Evanston, Illinois, and one in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania; and of each of them a facsimile is given in Mr. Adams's book. The three newly-found passports, together with the 1782 edition of Pierre-André Gargaz's *Projet de Paix Perpetuelle*, to which attention was drawn in 1922, now bring the total of the known publications of Franklin's Passy Press to thirty-six.

NOTES ON SALES

THE copy of the first edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which was sold at Sotheby's at the end of July, provided the public with a series of sensations. The first was caused by the fact that it was bought by Messrs. Quaritch for the enormous sum of £6,800; and the second was when, on August 13, it was announced that the book had been returned by the purchasers, since it proved not to be a first issue of the first edition. The third sensation came with the announcement that Messrs. Quaritch had repurchased the book for an English customer. This series of events has, therefore, established two interesting facts—the one being that a perfect copy of the first issue of *The Pilgrim's Progress* will at present fetch nearly seven thousand pounds at auction, and the second that there are at any rate two issues of the first edition, the later issue (to which this copy belonged) having a five-line list of errata at the end of the text. Apparently the later issue is even rarer than the earlier one, and only two copies are known; but what its market value may be is another matter, for the price paid by Messrs. Quaritch at their second purchase of the book has not been made public. According to *The Times* of August 14th, the first issue of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is marked, not only by having no list of errata on the last page, but also by having p. 222 misprinted as 223, p. 223 as 222, p. 226 as 227 and p. 227 as 226. These four pages are correctly numbered in the second issue. *The Times* also records that Mr. Joseph Angus, who owned the only other known copy (imperfect) of the second issue, wrote a description of it in *Booklore* for November, 1886.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

FROM Messrs. Bowes & Bowes, of 1, Trinity Street, Cambridge, I have received their catalogue number 435. This contains between five and six hundred books printed in the year 1600 or before, and arranged chronologically. The earliest English

book is the third edition, two volumes, folio, of Fabian's *Chronicles*, printed in London by John Reynes in 1542. The copy offered, which lacks the title-page, is priced £5 5s. The next English printed book is the *D. Joannis Chrysostomi homilæ duae*, quarto, printed in London in 1543, for which two guineas is asked. Of books printed before 1500 there are eight, of which the most valuable—it costs £25—is a portion (238 folios out of 857) of the *Pantheologia* of Reynerus de Pisa, printed by Anthony Coburger at Nuremberg in 1477. There is a large number of very inexpensive sixteenth-century books in this list.

ANOTHER recent catalogue is number 34 of Mr. Edgar Backus, of 44-46, Cank Street, Leicester. This contains, besides some miscellaneous books, something over four hundred items from the Countess of Loudoun's Willesley Hall Library, mostly English books of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. I notice three first editions of books by Dr. Watts, an author who will one day surely find more collectors, and admirers than, perhaps, he has to-day. The three books in question are *An Humble Attempt toward the Revival of Practical Religion among Christians*, octavo, 1731; *Miscellaneous Thoughts in Prose and Verse*, octavo, 1734 and *The Holiness of Times, Places, and People under the Jewish and Christian Dispensations*, octavo, 1738. Each of these books is priced £1, and none is, of course, among the special prizes of the collector of Watts's books. Yet they should find those who will be glad to possess them. Certain of Watts's first editions are, of course, extremely rare—the *Horæ Lyricæ*, for instance, which is worth a considerable sum; I imagine too, that the first edition of the *Divine and Moral Songs for Children*—an edition I have never been able to find—must be a very great rarity. I am always hoping to turn this book up somewhere, for I should dearly like to own the first edition of *How doth the little busy bee*, of *Let dogs delight* and of so many other charming poems. But to return to my catalogue, I notice in it also a copy of the 1770 edition, in two octavo volumes, of William Woty's *Poetical Works*. There is one piece of Woty's which always takes my fancy, both by its merits and its mannerisms; it is that which begins so agreeably and sententiously thus:

Serene is the morning, the lark leaves his nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn.
The sun with his splendour illumines the East,
And brightens the dew on the lawn.
Whilst the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours,
Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
And make our remarks on the flowers.

Woty also wrote, if I remember rightly, a not unamusing parody of Gray's *Elegy*—but what manner of poet he was may best be discovered by buying a copy of his poems, and the present copy may be had for ten shillings.

FROM Messrs. James F. Drake, Incorporated, of 14, West 40th Street, New York, I have just received *A Check-list Catalogue of First Editions of Two Hundred and Fifty Representative Modern Authors*. As this is quite a small catalogue, and yet contains some five thousand books, the details given of each item are necessarily very brief, being merely the author, the title, and the price; but it is most interesting to turn the pages of this list and notice the range of the prices asked for the

works of the various authors. Mr. Max Beerbohm, for instance, varies from \$75 for *The Happy Hypocrite*, *More*, or the *Works*, to \$6⁴/₁₀ for *Things Old and New*. Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, does not go above \$20 (for the limited edition of *The Highway and its Vehicles*), and Mr. Bennett's high-water mark is \$18.50 for the limited editions of *The Bright Island* and *Don Juan de Marana*, with \$15 as the highest price for one of his ordinary first editions—that of *A Man from the North*. Joseph Conrad's books still seem to be eagerly collected, and *Almayer's Folly* is priced \$150. There are nearly thirty John Davidson editions included, but only one (Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*) rises as high as \$20 and the *Fleet Street Eclogues* may be had for only \$7.50 ; time, I fancy, will bring about a great change here. I had intended to go through many more of the authors in Messrs. Drake's catalogue in this way, but I fear I must stop, and limit myself to recording what is, perhaps, the most remarkable price of all—\$225 for Mr. de la Mare's *Songs of Childhood*. I suppose there are only three living authors whose first editions are at present more valuable than those of Mr. de la Mare—Mr. Kipling, Mr. Hardy and Mr. George Moore.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

COMUS : A MASK. By JOHN MILTON. With eight illustrations by WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited from the Edition of 1645 and the Autograph Manuscript. With a Preface by DARRELL FIGGIS. 4to. 300 copies (for sale). Published for the Julian Editions by Ernest Benn. £3 3s.

THE MONOTYPE RECORDER for March-April, May-June, 1926. 150 copies. The Lanston Monotype Corporation.

ENGLISH HANDWRITING. By ROGER FRY and E. A. LOWE. S.P.E. Tract No. XXIII. At the Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d.

FOURNIER LE JEUNE.

BESIDES the surpassing interest of Blake's drawings, which have never before been published with the text of the Mask, for which they were made, the "Julian" edition of *Comus* is notable as a first showing of the new "Fournier" type, cut for the Monotype machine in imitation of the letter cast by Fournier Le Jeune about the year 1742. The text of the poem is set in 18-point roman, but Darrell Figgis's introduction shows the italic, in designing which Fournier deliberately got away from the Aldine character, which had remained in vogue for nearly two centuries and a half. The type used for Milton's Hymn of the Nativity, published with Blake's drawings at the Cambridge University Press some three years since, was Caslon's "Old-Face" in 18-point; and the two books present an interesting contrast between Fournier's and Caslon's types, which date alike from the second quarter of the eighteenth century. It must be granted, I think, that the advantage is with Caslon's for its beauty and purity of form, even though in the 18-point size the "Fournier" is the easier to read than the Caslon on that body. That is because it has a much bigger face, which, however, rather exaggerates its uncouthness. It is much more pleasing in its smaller sizes, as shown in a magnificent double number of *The Monotype Recorder*, of which a limited edition of 150 copies has been printed on a mould-made paper by Messrs. R. & R. Clark of Edinburgh. The number is decorated with head-pieces, tail-pieces, borders and other ornaments curiously rather than beautifully made up of Fournier's "flowers," which have also been revived for use on the monotype. There is also a spirited account of Fournier himself, written by Mr. Paul Beaujon, who quotes Fournier's own views about type-faces, which he embodied a little too faithfully in his types :

When I became connected, through circumstances and my own inclination, with the Art of Foundry Types, I applied myself first of all to discovering their beauties and defects, and to remarking the changes to which they might be susceptible : then I attempted to add the art of type engraving to that of casting, so as to be able to work myself upon what I had remarked, without the need of an alien hand. With this view I brought together proofs or models of the most beautiful types of different foundries, both in France and in foreign countries. I took from each that which seemed good to me without following slavishly any one in particular ; but I followed in the main the roman types of those engravers of whom I have just spoken, as foreigners have never done anything as fine ; moreover, I approached [these models] as nearly as I could, having care nevertheless to make certain changes which seemed necessary to me, such as putting the capitals in line with the tops of the lower-case ascenders, which makes a fine uniformity ; in former times, they used to be made a little smaller. . . . I squared the angles of these same capitals a little more, as well as some of the lower-case letters,

when I removed a certain "rounding-off" in the angle between the perpendicular and the horizontal strokes. This serves to give them more freedom, to distinguish one from another, and to make the strokes more clear.

Countless type-designers and type-reformers since Fournier's time have approached the same problem in the same spirit. One cannot improve the shape of a rose with a pair of scissors; nor may one improve the shape of letters merely by trimming and dressing. Others have modified the letters at the cost of their native comeliness to conform to academic fads in fashions. So in Louis XIV's reign a little before Fournier was born:

the Academy of Sciences, already finding it necessary to write its own rules of letter design, had to put these rules to practical effect . . . and to put on paper its idea of the type-face that might have been designed by Reason herself.

So they used rule and compass, and circles and squares, to mould the letters into the approved form. Happily, it fell to Grandjean to do the type-cutting and casting; and he was too sturdy a craftsman to be fettered by academic apron-strings. Nevertheless Mr. Stanley Morison is right in quoting his *romain du roi*, cut for the Royal printing office, as the starting-point downward towards the "classic elegance" of Bodoni and the Didots. Fournier Le Jeune comes about midway both in date and in manner between Grandjean and Bodoni.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF HANDWRITING

THE S.P.E. Tract on *English Handwriting* might be of less academic interest but would be of more practical value without the æsthetic theories which are a part of it. For it is the healthy rule, not without some notable exceptions, that an individual handwriting, whether good or bad, is formed without any conscious æsthetic bias save that of putting the words on paper with as much clearness as the writer's stock of patience and his other orderly qualities of mind and body will admit. Moreover, the beauty of a good hand is not to be taken, as Dr. Bridges takes it, as something distinct from its legibility; for that is a condition of its beauty. A cursive handwriting, whatever its form, is a modification of script; and it will be good or bad in the first instance according to the character of the model which is set the child, and the skill with which he learns to follow it. The formal hand so acquired will be modified into an individual and cursive hand by the habits, character and culture which the writer forms or acquires in his adolescence and even later, and also by the pen which he is in the habit of using. That important little instrument is not even mentioned in the Tract. Dr. Bridges suggests that to judge of the excellence of a hand one may hold it up to a mirror. One might as well turn it upside down. The proof of the pudding is not its pure form nor even the "rhythmic structure" (the phrase is Mr. Fry's) of the plums and the duff.

Dr. Bridges, Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Lowe have all three something to say in favour of ligatures and abbreviations. There is some risk that an extended use of these might add a good deal to the difficulties of a compositor who has to decipher manuscript copy, and the spread of printing was the principal reason for their disuse. It would be pleasant to have some of them brought back. We might well supply the mute e of the past participle by the apostrophe—"lov'd" for "loved," for instance—as was done generally by Elizabethan printers and even much later. We should then be spared any hesitation whether the e is to be sounded or not, as well as the distressing alternative of the accented è, adopted by many distinguished printers in printing poetry when the e is to be sounded.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

CHRONICLES

ARCHITECTURE

FOLK ARCHITECTURE

TOWARD the end of summer people are thinking and speaking of the things and buildings they have seen during their holidays. Some have most enjoyed new friends, some new surroundings and new scenery, and others visits to famous buildings either in use or in ruin. Among the interests that must have excited many are those humbler works, the cottages of the people, built under the irresistible dictates of a civilisation that has passed away or which is at least so changed as to be hardly recognised as being a part of ours. These examples of folk architecture have probably attracted as much attention as any; and this although no single example of this class was made the object of a day's excursioning. The beauty and variety of these buildings have impressed our minds as we passed from place to place. The least altered, and for that reason the most typical and interesting, of these buildings are not to be seen on the main roads used by cars, but are in those green lanes where the road-surface still takes its colour from the local metalling and is not blackened with the by-product of far-off coal pits. The civilisation they represent has compelled our notice, it may be without conscious intention, for these small buildings are seldom referred to in guide books or spoken of by those fellow travellers who are met at the day's end in the hotels of country towns. As we have passed from village to village we have seen old cottages, clean, carefully tended and still comfortably used by the descendants of those who built them new four or five hundred years ago. We have seen some so neglected and decayed that the inhabitants dwell there only because other houses are not elsewhere to be had. These almost derelict buildings appeal for kindly treatment because they are redolent of the history of England, and because the making of them sound would materially help to ease the housing difficulties of country districts. It is, then, of old cottages and of means by which they may be preserved that I now wish to write.

The beauty of meadow-land, of corn-land and of the well-treed hedgerows is associated with the homes of the folk from whom we have inherited these works of a hundred generations. To neglect, to allow to disappear, either one or other, is to deprive England of the material quality which most marks her out as distinct from other countries. This scenery is particularly her contribution to the art of life. The beauty of ancient cottages and of the time-long order of enclosed fields are together the thing we love. The fields were laid out and the cottages were built, not to make a picture, but to fulfil economic needs before economy was named. They were made comely before Art was discussed, and before the architect bewildered his client or the public with jargon-talk of local materials and revived traditions. The cottages rose in many kinds according to that material which was most ready to hand and most convenient for use. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a man laying the foundation of his house never thought whether the building that had stood on the site had historic value any more than the Greek when he built a temple or a home among the dwellings of a people whose centuries-old ruins he cleared away. These cottages were, and those

that still remain may be seen to be, the innocent and spontaneous outcome of a need which would accept no consideration or fulfilment other than of that kind which goes to the making of a rick or the laying of a hedge.

Since we cannot recreate the civilisation under which these houses so naturally grew, it is certain we can never again make others like them. It is then for us, now, to decide whether we should attempt to maintain what is left to us of this beauty that is vanishing so quickly or to trust in our own self-conscious age to give us another order that shall have qualities of equal or even greater value. We can, if we will, maintain at least a part of the expression of that era which the development of our age is so steadily altering to its final extinction. It may be held that it is better to put our energy into making modern life newly wholesome without any attempts to carry into it a music and a poetry which belonged by nature to our forefathers. There must be few who will not agree that the preservation of the old is a part of the means to be used in building the new civilisation that is pressing its way into existence. The analogy of music and poetry will not bear close scrutiny, yet it may be used to illustrate how the works of the past may be continued into the present and handed on to the future for our pleasure and use, and for those who will come after. It would seem that, as long as the preservation of the past is a part of the worthy development of the future, it is our good fortune to be able rightly and with a clear conscience to preserve very much that has lasted on to our time. Briefly stated, the maintenance of fine old buildings does not imply a neglect of the present or future. Interest in ancient things and an enthusiastic delight in the possibilities of the future are by no means incompatible ; rather, they are complements one of the other and together maintain the sane balance of human purpose.

We are all aware of the nauseating sense of false sentiment which assails the mind when we come on the ancient home of a country labourer transformed to suit some town-dweller, who, feeling the beauty of the countryside, attempts without knowledge or true understanding to add antiquity to age, rather than to make sound the ancient cottage he has acquired, in the spirit of the original builder, with materials natural for the purpose, either newly hewn or perhaps obtained from the waste of older buildings. The repair of such buildings is able to satisfy the mind only when there is no intention other than that which aims at continuing in sound state the house that is needed for use.

If we are to save many of these cottages from needless neglect or harm ignorantly done it is necessary *now* to set about that work.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is in its fiftieth year. It has determined to mark the occasion by putting its whole energy into a scheme which, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Arts, is designed to raise a really large sum of money to secure these small buildings, which more truly than any other class represent the commonsense art instincts of our forefathers. It may be asked why the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has not before made a serious attempt to secure this object. The reason is a simple one : namely, the poverty of the Society, for, with an income that has only just reached four figures, the Society has been unable to attempt more than one main object. It has now so moved public opinion that but few of the guardians of the ancient monuments of England follow the practice of the nineteenth century and carry out reproduction works instead of making repair the means of maintenance. It is now the desire of all but a very few that constant and almost daily attention should be substituted for the wholesale restorations made at long intervals of time with the show and ostentation that almost always accompany big, clean-sweeping operations. The Society has struggled against opposition to



St. Bride's, from the ruins of 120 Fleet Street.

(Reproduced from Mr. Hanslip Fletcher's *Changing London* by courtesy of Messrs. Cassell & Company)

these aims, an opposition that has steadily dwindled until now it remains only as a dying prejudice, bred in obstinate minds of misunderstanding. The methods and principles so long recommended by this group of experienced enthusiasts are to-day generally accepted as correct. They represent orthodox opinion. It is, then, with a sense that the great propaganda work is in the main accomplished that the Society can turn from doctrine to executive action.

The scheme now being launched in the interests of ancient cottages has not yet become defined. One preliminary meeting alone of those interested in this endeavour has as yet been held. It has been decided to launch the proposals definitely in the early autumn, and, with a fund of rather over a thousand pounds collected in little more than a week, the originators of the scheme will then appeal to the public to share the honour and the burden of preserving the most characteristic of the beauties of England. A very large sum of money is necessary if this group of people is to fulfil the objects which are sketched here.

The Association hopes to be able (1) to lend money at easy rates to those who cannot without this help maintain in the manner they deserve the fine old cottages in their care; (2) to make a grant in some cases where, by such means alone, some particularly noble example of this kind of architecture may be preserved; and (3) to buy the deserted homes of the yeomen of old days, put them into such order and condition as will make them suitable to be let or sold to that class of town-dweller who likes well to have a cottage where he can enjoy at intervals the quiet pleasures of the country. It will be a condition of these transactions that the Association shall receive in return assurances that these cottages shall not suffer afterwards from alterations or neglect. It is further the intention of the Association that the repairs shall be done on the principles advocated by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

PUBLICATION

CHANGING LONDON. By HANSLIP FLETCHER. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

IT is an excellent thing that the *Sunday Times* has secured the services of Mr. Hanslip Fletcher to illustrate by pen and ink drawings the buildings of London which are to suffer immediate change, or which are of a kind making alteration probable, or which simply because they have such great beauty and interest make us glad to be reminded of them again. It is further good to find that we need not rely on the *Sunday Times* alone for the reproduction of these drawings; for here in this second series we find on more lasting paper and in more convenient form these works offered to us for our bookshelves.

Mr. Fletcher can draw, can make pictures, and has a quick sense to choose those scenes that we wish preserved, at least on paper. I recommend this book not only because of the pleasure to be had from it, but because it stimulates a delight in architecture. Perhaps without design to do so, Mr. Hanslip Fletcher takes a prominent place with the London Society and the Architecture Club in forwarding the work they do in the interests of London and of noble buildings. By the courtesy of the artist and his publishers, one of the drawings is reproduced on the preceding page.

A. R. POWYS

MUSIC

PUBLICATIONS

CARLO GESUALDO, PRINCE OF VENOSA, MUSICIAN AND MURDERER.

By CECIL GRAY and PHILIP HESELTINE. Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.

THE MUSIC OF SPANISH HISTORY TO 1600. By J. B. TREND. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

THE SPELL OF MUSIC. By J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND. John Murray. 3s. 6d.

HAYDN. By MICHEL BRENET. Translated by C. LEONARD LEESE. Oxford University Press. 6s.

CHOPIN. By WAKELING DRY. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

IN *Carlo Gesualdo* we have a carefully-written account of a part of the music of *circa* 1600 which is seldom touched on—the part which is neither Church-music, nor opera, nor folk-song, but sheer musical adventure. In order to place this in its proper setting, the author—for the book is written in the first person singular—takes us rapidly through the history of the scale, establishing the point that Gesualdo's chromatic has nothing to do with the Greek, nor with what he calls the "objective investigator," like Vicentino or Alois Haba. (This is the least satisfactory part of the book, for the scale cannot be polished off in four pages; neither can it be based on the dicta of theorists but only on the actual facts of the music, a position which the author stoutly maintains in another connection.) But is Gesualdo's style rightly called chromatic? One would have said, from these examples, that it was something better—diatonic in the broadest sense. These are not the chromatics with which Wagner revolutionised music by the coining of new chords out of casual passing notes—one thinks of the various shades at the word "Rheingold." Gesualdo sees what chords he wants—they are the well-known ones, but they lie off the high road that the Church musicians travelled—and stretches out a hand and takes them. If he looks, as the author says, beyond tonality, he does so, surely, in the sense that he has a much bigger and broader outlook on key than they, that he brings more into it, makes it mean more, and, incidentally, does not feel it necessary always to get back to the place he started from. The author says we ought not to speak of "chords" at this period. Perhaps not; but when one reads the polyphonists it seems impossible not to think that they closely considered euphony and kept a weather eye open for where it was that their harmony was leading them. Else, why was it they avoided like poison the (to us so obvious) B D F G, though they admitted every other kind of suspension, and how did they manage to close so neatly and surely on a chosen note? Gesualdo uses that chord (in Exs. 16, 18) but only as the Elizabethans used it; but he closes wherever he pleases—in Ex. 17, for instance, on the "forbidden" leading note, at the end of only eight bars—and quite convincingly. A passage like this looks like one of Schönberg's examples of modulation, in his harmony books; and it gives the same feeling of being securely anchored though storm-tossed.

"Chromatics" is called, nowadays, "atonicity." It is doubtful if there is either such a word or such a thing. If there were, however, it would mean the absence of all limit; and no art can exist without limits, without anchors. That this is the sense in which the author understands chromatics is clear from his contrasting it with the key system of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (*i.e.*, Bach to Brahms), which is "but a relic of the decadence of the modal system" and "not an improvement" on

it. Although he would not, perhaps, be bound by their full implication, the words give the impression that he regards that period as, on the whole, an unfortunate episode ; as interrupting the true course of music which left off, possibly with the madrigalists, but certainly with Gesualdo, and began again with someone (unspecified) of the " moderns." Perhaps on the other hand it is merely a dramatic way of saying what we should all agree with, because we have all said it a hundred times, that the great men have all been great breakers of rules. Not that they flout them, but that they relegate them to the position of servants. They, not the rules, will give orders. When the wind is with them they will proceed, as he says, like galleons under full sail : when it is against them, they will tack and still make their point, whereas the little man tacks and doesn't make his point.

Mr. Trend's lecture a year ago before the Musical Association on the Spanish madrigal was a gentle hint of our ignorance, and this little book drives the conviction home. There is much to know, it is most inaccessible, and it is well worth knowing. Every page reminds us that it is of little use to explore the art of a country unless you care about its history and know its language, or of a Romance country without Latin and its descendants, or of Spain without Arabic. If anyone has the desire to explore, this is the book for him ; it can be read in an evening and will give him enough work to do for six months, preparatory to his sojourn in Spain ; for it will make it clear to him that he must go there one of these days with phonograph and great patience. Mr. Trend had the latter only of these equipments, but what he says of the folksong makes one desire more, and more accurate, knowledge. One feels that the Pyrenees are not there for nothing. A purely national music is a difficult thing to find in this world, but this is a near approach to it. And when the Church in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries imposed the problems of its liturgy on all nations alike, one still feels that they were solved here in a most individual way ; the counterpoint reaches the same end but by a different path and sits more loosely to convention. The book appears to be absolutely free from misprints. There are at the end plenty of musical examples and very full notes ; to balance the waste of time in finding the reference there is the advantage of reading the music in bulk.

In *The Spell of Music* we read what was news, perhaps, in the 'nineties. The greater part of what is there said has long been common property, and what is not is not particularly convincing. " The order of the acceptance of intervals as concords is from the largest to the smallest." In melody the opposite is the truth, as far as harmony enters in ; and in harmony proper the order is more likely to have been Fourth, Thirds, Fifths, Octave, Sixths. Compass has a great deal to do with it, and the Organum very little ; that was hardly more than the harmony text-book of the day, and composers ignored it as they ignore more recent ones. Again " the melodic curve " (drawn through the noteheads on the stave) is one of those things like the Golden Sequence and Hogarth's line of beauty ; it never works in practice. I have tried it with tunes that are first cousins—the minuet of Beethoven's eighth symphony, one of German's Henry VIII dances, the slow movement of Bach's concerto for two violins, the opening of Mendelssohn's Wedding March and " Slap, bang, here we are again " ; and the order of meritorious curves is certainly not that of musical merit. " Wie bist du, meine Königin " comes out symmetrically, but its rather academic symmetry is not what we like it for. The first three figures of " the 48 " make mere barometric charts.

The author believes that harmony has reached the stage of " senile decay," apparently because (1) the " essential feature of the whole-tone scale is the tritone," (2) " all sorts of dissonances are used without preparation or resolution," and (3) we have

too many consecutive fifths. But (1) the tritone is not at all common in actual modern practice—Stravinsky's basses show it occasionally—any more than the chord (G F B Dsharp A Csharp) which Sir Walford Davies said that scale was. If the scale exists at all, is it any more than an assertion that a major third can be placed on any note of it? And that is not much more than what Wagner did, only that there are new ways of placing them. (2) To short-circuit, and at last abandon, preparation and resolution is at all times the first condition of harmonic progress (*vide* Beethoven and Brahms *passim*). (3) There has been rather a rush for fifths, certainly, but not for the old kind between one voice and another, but as combining the voices into a kind of mixture stop, which is only an extension of right-hand piano octaves. The fact is there has been a war on, in music and other arts; and *inter arma silent leges*.

Haydn, by "Michel Brenet," translated, with a preface by the first authority on Haydn in this country, is an acquisition. We are doing a little, but there is a great deal to be done yet, before we can talk of knowing Haydn—not his uneventful life, but his huge quantity of work. There is a simple little statement of his, which is quoted here; it has always seemed to say the truest thing about music—"to find out whether a tune is really beautiful, it should be sung without accompaniment." Some say nowadays—one can hardly think they believe—that music need not, or not primarily, be beautiful. Perhaps they think "beautiful" a weak word, and prefer "significant." It does not make much difference. What both of them mean is that element in the music that makes for permanence. And what Haydn seems to say is—Strip off everything in the way of adornment, and see if you come back to the bare sequence of notes again and again; if so, you can build on it. That at any rate seems to be his secret, if not the secret of all the great men. A strong point of "M. Brenet's" book is that she builds up the life and the work, amid a mass of ably-managed detail, on a few simple traits like this, and makes the whole thing as clear and well-mapped as Haydn's own music.

As to Haydn's incorporation of Croatian folk-song, asserted by Sir Henry Hadow in 1897, rejected by "M. Brenet," and now reasserted by him, what do we think of the charge of plagiarism? Take Handel's case. When we hear "Egypt was glad" we think what fine, severe Handel. When we are told it is Erba—though we don't know, if I remember, whether Erba was a man or a place—we listen with the same ears, but with a mind bothered about questions of morality. When we read Georg Muffat's march and then look at the version of it in "Judas Maccabæus" we justify the theft as we justify Tennyson's "sorrow's crown of sorrow" stolen from Dante. Or look at "Hugh the Drover": "I'm to be married on Tuesday"—just the song Mary would choose at that moment, we say; and the Cotsall song about Bonaparte, just the sort of song that sort of persons would break into: one a quotation, the other an invention, and both appropriate. But then those two bars in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (slow movement), simply lifted from Haydn's violoncello concerto, pull us up short; borrowed plumage, we say. There is nothing wrong with quotation, then, when we are made to feel it to be, for whatever reason, part of the text; we condemn it—if we know it to be one—only when it is an obvious tag, as when "bound each to each by natural piety" suddenly flaunts itself in Butler's confirmation hymn.

Chopin addresses itself to the humble task of setting forth a great deal that has been said, wise or foolish, about the composer, in case anyone should want to read it. There is a selected bibliography, and an analytical programme of selected pieces.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

THE MOVIES

A WOMAN OF PARIS. CHAPLIN. Stoll Picture Theatre.

THE CURE. WALKER-MUTUAL. Strand Cinema.

THE IMMIGRANT. WALKER-MUTUAL. Gaiety Cinema, Praed Street.

WILD, WILD SUSAN. FAMOUS-LASKY. Strand Cinema.

I MAKE no apologies for all but one of these films being revivals ; on the contrary were I to state my feelings on the month's more prominent " releases " an apology would probably be demanded from me. *Eve's Leaves*, *The Scarlet Sinner*, *Gay Nights* (I quote from life), *Other Women's Husbands* and *Up in Mabel's Room* leave me not only cold but shuddering. Nor do I feel the need of any excuse that three of my films are, broadly speaking, Chaplin films, since, as Mr. Burdett has said :

The Chaplin hero is none other than the Holy Fool of other times. Each of these pilgrims is your guileless Christian on his progress through a wicked world, and if we are asked where Christian art is to be seen alive and stirring at the present day, the true answer is upon the films of Mr. Chaplin. Perhaps that is why his appeal is universal, and was first recognised by the poor and the illiterate.

Charlie as an author is as human as Charlie as an actor. *A Woman of Paris* is by no means perfect ; the technique, both of presenting and photographing, has improved since then, and the very opening of the film has, I think, a flaw, in that any girl who is miserable at home and liable to be locked in her room by her father would somehow see that that door could not be locked, that she had another key or that the windows, at least, were hers. But it remains a work of imagination and insight, a film that can (and should) be seen again and again, on account of the fresh discoveries revealing genius, the excellence of its acting and the simplicity of its narration. Its revival is, in short, a cause for gratitude, and the Stoll Picture Theatre is to be commended on its presentation. This is almost the only film I have seen in which character is developed. Unlike most film figures, the characters in this drama do not bear their attributes writ large upon their foreheads, they have them instead in their hearts, little vials that, leaking, infect their blood and colour all their actions. The whole story of the play turns on a detail of characterisation. Marie St. Clair is eloping with Jean, and the shock of this news gives his father a seizure. Jean tells her on the telephone, but a certain weak deferring of facing facts makes him begin with a preamble : " We must postpone our trip. . . . " At this moment the doctor calls him and Marie is left hearing her flight with the man who is all her salvation described by him as " a trip." Bitterly and sullenly she hangs up the receiver and goes towards the train. From this misunderstanding her subsequent life as a woman of Paris depends. It is impulsiveness in Marie, and an unwillingness to alter her plans, a blind clinging to what she had intended to do as a means of defence against those opposing her—these, and the hardness of her life that at once make her see Jean as another traitor, cause her to ring off too soon. All the time it is her weakness that, taking the nearest way, she lets things slide ; and then, when she has made an effort and thrown all over for Jean, it is his weakness that ruins, again, both their lives. For once the cinema tells this with touches defter than words, with what was then a new delicacy. Thus when Marie, as a kept woman, cries, " What do I get out of life ? " Pierre is fingering her pearls. This makes banal

description, though on the screen it gives one of those moments when one turns in one's chair with delight, as one does at some sentence of Congreve or phrase of Henry James. The first serious drama written by Charlie Chaplin demands, naturally, an unusually great deal from its actors, and of all the good cast, Miss Purviance stands out. This film shows her as the most intelligent actress of the screen ; it is, perhaps, higher praise to say that, while no other could have equalled her, she herself could have been no better. She was not just a woman of Paris, called on the programme Marie St. Claire. She *was* Marie St. Claire, to whom these things happened, for whose suffering we suffered, by whose purging we were purged. Jean and his mother, the head waiter, Fifi, and " the richest old maid in Paris " were all excellent, and the small part of the masseuse was perfectly acted. It was pleasant to see Adolphe Menjou in the original part whose constant repetitions have so coarsened and broadened a style whose sole *raison d'être* is subtlety. As in the acting, the sub-titling of this film marked in the main definite artistic progress, though whether it satisfied the important, because ignorant, public, I do not know ; it combined, however, " optimum neatness " with the height of lucidity. A preceding film had announced at one point that "To Ruth the lip-stick was the last nail in the coffin of her romance"—very suitably, no doubt. But when Jean, in *A Woman of Paris*, parts from Marie on the eve of their elopement, instead of some such stuff as " Time is a leaden weight round lovers' necks that absence makes more heavy," quite simply Marie said, " Don't be long," and I am convinced this gave to everyone a far greater sense of impending tragedy, of her loneliness and sense of his and her frailty than any gaudy, however neat, generalisation would have done. The photography also had pictures of unequalled beauty. Miss Purviance bent her gifts to small parts in the other films, though in *The Cure* she had little to do. This is so early a film that the rain, it raineth every day, but it is a well worked-out story of the more elementary kind of humour, in rather cheap settings. Charlie's behaviour in the Baths is the best Chaplin—the little man, the guileless pilgrim of Mr. Burdett, facing the great world and its mysterious odds ; always in his innocent way trying to lessen those odds and by that innocence always in the wrong, yet, though he is in the wrong so often, never accepting his stigma, but always gentle, courteous and knightly. *The Immigrant* is not so funny as *The Cure* because the humours of sea-sickness, that take up half of it, are soon exhausted, without being explored. But Miss Purviance, as an immigrant girl whose mother has died, acted with extraordinary sensibility and force. With none of the usual film emphasis, and with Charlie dominating the story, she quietly made a picture of baffled misery impossible to forget. She came out of the screen and took possession of one's mind—hungry, squalid, wretched—to such an extent that, when Charlie transformed her deep despair to equally real happiness, one knew he was the most human of the great English artists since Shakespeare. The same theatre was also showing *Wild, Wild Susan*, an American film of thrills and laughter with a surprise ending. Susan was Miss Bébè Daniels, an actress whose fame I find has little proportion to her merits. Her clothes, certainly, were neither beautiful nor expressive and compared badly with the skill and taste of Mr. La Rocque's dressing who, even as a thrill-hungry taxi-driver, wore the most enviable suits. If the masses *are* influenced by the cinema, may " Rod " long continue to delight us, for then, as well as this benefit, our streets may cease to be filled with the tubular trousers and saffron shoes that seem our Transatlantic visitors' sole idea (and what a strange one !) of *la haute mode*.

ROBERT HERRING

FICTION

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD. Vol. I. By H. G. WELLS. Benn.
7s. 6d.

THE SILVER SPOON. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

RETURN TO BONDAGE. By BARBARA BLACKBURN. Secker. 7s. 6d.

IT is evidently impossible to form any serious judgment on Mr. Wells's novel until the whole of it has been published. I can offer here no more than a few desultory remarks, provoked by the "Note before the Title-page," in which Mr. Wells (I suppose it *is* Mr. Wells, though the writer refers to him in the third person) defends his method of writing novels and this novel in particular. It is an ingenious and subtle defence, but there is one reader at least whom it has made rather more distrustful than he was before. Let us see what it amounts to. This book "is claimed to be a complete, full-dress novel, that and nothing more." William Clissold is "a fictitious character" and is not to be taken as a self-portrait—"Naturally his point of view is like Mr. Wells's. That was to be expected. How can one imagine and invent the whole interior world of an uncongenial type? Every author must write of the reactions he knows; he must be near enough to them to *feel* them sympathetically." Living persons are introduced under their own names (not an innovation—Sir H. H. Johnston has done it) because "you cannot have a man like William Clissold going about the world of to-day and never meeting anybody one has ever heard of." Further, characters in fiction must be more or less like real individuals—"if one were to write a story in which a Prime Minister had to figure during the Balfour régime, it would be necessary to have a Prime Minister rather like Lord Balfour—or everything would have to be different," but that "would be for atmosphere and not for statement, and the last imputation that is permissible against a novelist is that he is trying to say or to insinuate this or that about an individual without daring to say it plainly and directly to the proper address." And Mr. Wells ends by making fun of those who seek to identify the "originals" of people and places in his books.

We will take these points in order. William Clissold's outlook on his world is indeed extraordinarily like that of Mr. Wells, not differing from it at any point more strongly than one would expect as between the Mr. Wells of 1926 and the Mr. Wells of any other year. But Mr. Wells's explanation of this involves the amazing assumption that no novelist can write about a character which does not resemble his own. This at any rate seems to be what he means, though it is not clear whether he uses the word "uncongenial" rather loosely, as is common in everyday speech, or not. As a rule when we say that a man is congenial, we mean that we like him, that we get on well with him, not that his mental make-up resembles our own. A poet may, and sometimes does, find marked congeniality in a solicitor or a chartered accountant who considers the writing of verse an eccentricity. There must be, of course, a distinct element of liking in the relation between an author and his characters, if it be no more than the taste for a peculiar and striking specimen. There must too be something, perhaps, in the nature of a common chord. The greatest creator of character is probably he who best understands the *potentialities* of his own nature: before a novelist can "get inside" the mind of a murderer, he must be aware of something in him that *might* have committed murder.

But that is not what Mr. Wells means. He expressly disclaims, apparently not only for himself, but also for every other novelist, the possibility of writing of "the inner life of such people as the devout Mr. Belloc, for example, or the aristocratic Duke of Northumberland, or the political Mr. Ramsay MacDonald." He can only, he says, "comment on such types from an inaccessible remoteness, attack them, admire them, state his differences from them. Their ultimate processes are inconceivable to him." He cannot, it seems, create any character with an "inner life" greatly dissimilar to his own.

Now this may be true of the author of *The World of William Clissold*, but it is certainly not true of all imaginative artists. One need not invoke Shakespeare or Dickens: the early Mr. Wells will do well enough. Artie Kipps, for example, was a person to whom something in his creator's mind responded sympathetically but who was far from resembling his creator in the way that William Clissold does. The power of creation, as exemplified in *Kipps*, seems now to have deserted Mr. Wells, whose novels for many years past have been almost exclusively constructed on the basis of a person very like himself, though sometimes in different circumstances, observing other persons from reality but from the outside. His "Note before the Title-page" has very much the air of the fox who has lost his tail persuading all the other foxes to dispense with theirs.

The attempt leads him into strange positions, such as that in which he seeks to justify the introduction of real persons under their real names—"It is," the author submits, "impossible to get the full effect of contemporary life in which living ideas and movements play a dominant part without doing that. You cannot have a man like William Clissold going about the world of to-day and never meeting anybody one has ever heard of." Why not? Mr. Wells has never felt this necessity before, and in *Tono-Bungay* and *The New Machiavelli* he has written brilliant and convincing studies of contemporary life. I do not know that anyone has there felt, or could feel, any inconvenience. It is probably truer to say that you cannot have a man like William Clissold, of whom one has never heard, because he did not exist until Mr. Wells invented him, going about the world of to-day and meeting men like Dr. Jung, of whom one has heard, because he does objectively exist: it certainly seems to me to create the greater inconvenience for the imagination of the reader.

When he comes to the question of real persons portrayed under fictitious names, Mr. Wells is merely disingenuous. Every novelist has to meet this charge, because every novelist commits this offence—if it be an offence. Dickens made use of Leigh Hunt, of Walter Savage Landor and of his own father, to name no more; and no one, least of all himself, has ever pretended that he did not do so. Nor did he ever pretend that he introduced Mr. Skimpole into *Bleak House* because he needed a Leigh Huntish figure in order to complete a veracious picture of contemporary life. Some aspects of Leigh Hunt's character appealed to him both as a writer of fiction and as a lover of all the varieties of life, and he made use of them as seemed to him best. The result was not a considered judgment on Hunt: it was what Dickens, the novelist, made of the raw material offered him by life in the person of Hunt. Mr. Wells does the same. It is nonsense for him to jeer at "the hunt for the imaginary 'originals' of every fictitious character," when in so many instances, the "originals" or, shall we say, the points of departure are perfectly obvious. No one supposes that these portraits are Mr. Wells's statements on oath of his opinion of the "originals": they are what he has made of his raw material. Sometimes, I believe, he has found his point of departure in marked superficial traits, matters of common knowledge, of persons whom he has never met. These portraits are the last relics of his decaying creative

faculty : his account of them suggests that his understanding of that faculty is in an even more advanced state of decay.

There is sufficient criticism of Mr. Wells's attitude to be "derived from the works" of Mr. Galsworthy. Mr. Galsworthy has sooner or later found all the members of the Forsyte saga to be congenial to him, but by no means all of them in the sense that their outlook on the world resembles his own. Indeed it would be small exaggeration to say that he has succeeded with them in proportion as their outlook differed from his own. But then Mr. Galsworthy is a creative artist who, however hard he has tried to become something else, has failed : Mr. Wells was a creative artist who tried to become something else and did so.

Mr. Galsworthy's new book cannot be called as interesting as its immediate predecessor, perhaps because even more than that story it seeks to edge away from Soames Forsyte, in whom he has an imaginative interest, towards Michael Mont in whom he has an interest strongly tinged with propaganda. Soames, now sixty-nine and still fascinating, wanders through these pages rather like a ghost. He is not quite the Soames we used to know, who was nothing if not a cautious man and surely would never have taken the indiscreet steps leading up to the libel action which is the central incident in the novel. Mr. Galsworthy has told us too much in the past about Soames for us to accept unhesitatingly what he tells us about him now. There is presumably a latent, inoperative Soames in Mr. Galsworthy's own mind. It is certain that since Soames was first created, his creator has understood him more and more, has liked him better, has handled him with a justice earlier denied, but without veering into undue partiality. Yet one cannot say that Soames's outlook on the world resembles at all what one knows to be Mr. Galsworthy. This is a pure act of creation, which, when one considers it, blows Mr. Wells's special pleading clean out of the water. And if, in this book, Soames perceptibly declines in interest, his daughter, Fleur, grows more attractive. I fancy that, before Mr. Galsworthy has done, we shall have of her a study as just and as living. And it is Mr. Galsworthy's claim to greatness as a novelist that he gives his characters both life and justice.

Miss Barbara Blackburn's first novel shows great promise, particularly in its earlier chapters. Here her study of the young girls at home in a moderately rich, moderately cultured, semi-suburban society has much delicacy of observation and rings consistently true. I cannot think that she attains equal truth in her account of the further experiences of Laura and Joan, which seems to be based less on understanding observation than on intelligent but still rather clumsy guesswork—or perhaps on observation less understanding. It is almost certainly, to some extent, founded on fiction rather than on life. I imagine that when Miss Blackburn has more experience of her own, she will write a book more evenly good.

EDWARD SHANKS

LITERARY HISTORY & CRITICISM—I

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF THE ENGLISH ROMANTICISTS. By CRANE BRINTON. Oxford University Press. 15s.

FIELDING THE NOVELIST. By FREDERIC T. BLANCHARD. Oxford University Press (for Yale). 30s.

ISLAM AND THE DIVINE COMEDY. By MIGUEL ASIN. Translated and abridged by HAROLD SUNDERLAND. John Murray. 12s.

ADAM: A Religious Play of the Twelfth Century. Translated by EDWARD NOBLE STONE. University of Washington Press.

FULGENS AND LUCRES: A Fifteenth-Century Secular Play. By HENRY MEDWALL. Edited by F. S. BOAS and A. W. REED. Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.

FRENCH STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

BOOKS AND READING. By W. E. SIMNETT. Allen & Unwin. 5s.

FIRST STEPS TO PARNASSUS. By W. E. WILLIAMS. University of London Press. 3s. 6d.

WISE parents have often found that a judicious way to cure their sons of an undue worship of Shelley, the pioneer, is to present them with a copy of *Political Justice* with an invitation not to proclaim Shelley an inspiring and original thinker until they have first underlined in his poetry all the ideas that he drew from Godwin alone. I suspect Mr. Crane Brinton to be one of these parents; for who else would devote a learned study to the political ideas of our most enchanting modern poets unless he were in secret reaction from all romantic notions, and perhaps one of the growing party which is bringing eighteenth-century classicism and good sense into fashion again? He takes these wizards at their dullest point and relates them to the prosaic world of political thought with remorseless thoroughness. He begins by showing that classicism in England has always had a precarious hold, that there were pre-Romantics throughout the century, that the Classicists were never so supreme as Keats fancied, but luckily, for our peace of mind, he relents enough to leave Keats unravished from his theme. These political ideas certainly exist, but they remain the least arresting part of the poets' work, either because, like Shelley's Irish proposals, they have been realised, or else because they are dead. Fancy reading Scott from a political point of view! even if our reward is to find him a fundamental Tory, a Romantic who was never in revolt, but who used the picturesqueness of the past to throw an implied glamour over its surviving social institutions. The "lesson" of the Waverley romances was "conformity," at which Mr. Brinton, horrified perhaps at the result of his researches, naturally asks if this romance is romantic any more. We pass from the corpse of Scott to the radicalism of Hazlitt, the "freedom from the qualities of genius" to be found in Southey, who is the nearest to the average man among members of the Lake School. Byron comes out from the investigations as the poet who succeeded in making Nationalism a European religion, Shelley as one who converted Antinomianism into a faith; and occasionally the discussion becomes vital by leading us to opinions that reveal the very nature of the poet, as when an apt quotation reminds us that Wordsworth's politics were "those of a recluse never quite at home in human society." Coleridge and a number of minor writers are also passed

under review ; a common belief in natural goodness, a disbelief in original sin, is found in all, and we arrive at various "hazardous conclusions." The author seems to emerge in his final sentence : "The civilisation of Western Europe has always thriven on heresies ; it need not fear democracy." This is the conclusion of a scholarly, interesting, but even for politicians, hardly indispensable, work.

Professor Blanchard, sharing Landor's curiosity about the original opinions excited by since-famous books, here devotes an exhaustive volume to all the changes through which criticism has passed since *Joseph Andrews* met its first reviewer. Much research and documentation have gone to this elaborate study, which is the more remarkable from the agreeable and lively style with which the immense story is told. To do justice to so vast a theme a long essay would be needed, and to come at first hand to the mass of varying opinion out of which critical verdicts have grown is to realise how much, in most historical criticism, is taken for granted. Such a study as this throws light on much more than the author criticised. We see the real life of a writer's work in the reactions that it has produced in scores of interesting minds. From Gray to Dr. Johnson, through Scott to the present day, including three chapters on Victorian opinion, the fluctuations and reactions are set out, and Mr. Blanchard weaves the many strands into a single and instructive story with great skill. He is, of course, an ardent admirer of Fielding, and the charm and value of his book result from the rare combination of personal enthusiasm, an excellent style, and documentary research. I do not recall any work of the same kind equally thorough and equally readable.

The author of *Islam and the Divine Comedy*, which has aroused controversy among Dante scholars in every country, is a Catholic priest and Professor of Arabic at the University of Madrid. Devoted for years to the influence of medieval Islamic thought on Christian culture, he came to investigate the influence of Islamic models on the *Divine Comedy*, and has brought a mass of evidence to show that Moslem sources form the foundation of much in Dante's poem that was believed, especially by Italians, to have sprung spontaneously from the poet's genius. It is startling to discover how much the great Christian epic appears to owe to the Koran and Moslem legends. The Moslem conception of man's after-life seems to have penetrated Christendom. The general outline of the ascension of Dante and Beatrice through the spheres of Paradise is shown to have had its antecedents, if not its models, in Moslem mystical literature, especially in the legend of the Nocturnal Journey of Mahomet through the infernal regions and his Ascension from Jerusalem to the throne of God. Great similarity is discovered between these and the conceptions of Dante, and the plans of the celestial realms described by Dante appear analogous to those of the Islamic story. The author has found no common source for these similarities in earlier Christian legends, but has actually traced many of these legends themselves to a Moslem origin. The author's theory suggests to him an explanation of many hitherto obscure features of the *Divine Comedy*. He contends that the age of Dante was steeped in the lore and art of Islam, that Dante was exceptionally receptive to all influences, and declares that the Moslem mystics possessed conceptions of Heaven and the Beatific Vision worthy of Dante's own idea of Paradise. To these resemblances he largely devotes himself, and concludes by examining the resemblances between Christian medieval legends, previous to the *Divine Comedy*, and Moslem legends of an earlier date. The aim of the book is all that can be given here, for not only does it deal with a special subject, but to be fairly judged requires a specialist's knowledge not only of Dante literature but of Arabic as well. It must suffice to say that none interested in Dante can afford to miss it, and that it gives also to the general reader a new and fascinating insight into the mysticism of Islam.

The two old plays that follow are complementary. *Adam*, a mystery of the twelfth century, is by an unknown author. It was the first religious drama in France, we are told, to be performed outside a church and to be written exclusively in the vernacular. Its stage directions and hints to the actors are particularly interesting. The temptation of Adam and Eve is followed by the murder of Abel and the Procession of the Prophets, the least dramatic section of the three. *Fulgens and Lucrez* is the earliest known English secular play, written by Henry Medwall, the chaplain of the Archbishop of Canterbury, towards the end of the fifteenth century. It has never been made available to the general reader before. Of the author little is known. His play tells the story of a daughter who chooses of two suitors the poor and worthy, not the worthless and rich. Her decision works up to a good climax, and makes a play the source of which had been no more than a debate. There is also a secondary plot which burlesques the first, and the work is in language, too, midway between Chaucer and Shakespeare. Preserved by chance in a single copy, and rediscovered in our own day, its importance is great, and it is singularly interesting reading. Its surprise and point, which are all that can be indicated here, consist in the means whereby an aristocratic audience is induced to acquiesce in the choice of a plebian, at the expense of an aristocratic suitor. The prologue shows how paradoxical such an astonishing conclusion seemed at the date when the play was performed.

Mr. Aldington is always both scholarly and interesting, and all his readers will welcome this collection of his essays on French writers old and new. An excellent example is his balanced essay on Villon. He says that it is his "naked sincerity" that makes Villon a great poet, because in his work there is

no poetic convention, no false shame. He is simply a weak man who sins and suffers and cries out in pain, who repents and sins again, and is wounded deeper than ever.

He is equally good on Mdle. de Lanclos, and there are papers on Robert Garnier, Paul Scarron, Merimée's Youth, French Satirists and the Italian Comedians. The virtue of Mr. Aldington is that he writes of French literature with the same knowledge and easy appreciation that most of us reserve for our own writers, and there is no more useful service for criticism to render than to introduce foreign literature in this way. Mr. Simnett's book is intended as a guide for those who read in public libraries and need assistance to put this opportunity for self-education to good use. A librarian himself, the author discourses on aids to study and methods of reading, and follows this practical advice with a survey of literature from a chapter on the classics to others pointing out what to read on history, science, poetry, biography, travel and so on. He concludes with suggestions for forming a private library, naming the best and most economical editions. The advice is always sensible, but it necessarily misses the personal note, that enthusiasm of some friend or speaker which starts most of us off in our youth on some new field. One always fears that books like this are read by those who do not need them, and that the earnest novice, blundering with good intentions, does not realise their value to him. I hope this fear will prove unfounded, for Mr. Simnett has provided a guide to reading for which publishers also will bless him. Mr. Williams has provided a simple introduction to the technique of verse-making for those who enjoy poetry without understanding the craft of verse and for those, whether amateur writers or not, who wish to appreciate some of the niceties of style, and perhaps to improve their own. His book enables any reader to add intelligence to enjoyment. The chapters on rhythm, its variations, the music of words, pictures and figures, are accompanied by exercises so that the reader can test the information he has read for himself.

OSBERT BURDETT

LITERARY HISTORY & CRITICISM—II

THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by GEORGE B. IVES. Introductions by GRACE NORTON. Oxford University Press (for Harvard). Four volumes. £5 5s.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA, THE FIRST MODERN MAN OF LETTERS, HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE: A STUDY OF THE EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY. By EDWARD H. R. TATHAM, M.A., F.S.A. The Sheldon Press. Two volumes. 18s. each.

BLANQUERNA. Translated from the Catalan of RAMON LULL and with an introduction by E. ALLISON PEERS. Jarrolds. 30s.

DOSTOEVSKY, PORTRAYED BY HIS WIFE. Translated from the Russian and edited by S. S. KOTELIANSKY. With four portraits. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THE LETTERS OF ANTON PAVLOVICH TCHEHOV TO OLGA LEONARDOVNA KNIPPER. Translated from the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT. Chatto & Windus. 15s.

MADAME DE STAEL, HER LIFE AS REVEALED IN HER WORK, 1766-1800. By DAVID GLASS LARG. Translated from the French by VERONICA LUCAS. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THE MODERN IBSEN, A RECONSIDERATION. By HERMANN J. WEIGAND. Dent. 15s.

“THE Ives Montaigne,” as the publishers call it on the jacket, is the first complete and first-hand English translation of the Essays since Florio’s of 1603, which Shakespeare used. Of all writers that ever lived Montaigne deserves the title of the First Modern. He is in fact so modern that one sometimes is led to wonder how it was those benighted primitives, his contemporaries, were able to read him. One is constantly reminded in reading Montaigne of one of the most “modern” of our own contemporaries, Marcel Proust. In both cases the “modern” quality is of the same kind; both Montaigne’s and Proust’s great originality consisted in a greater surrender to self and to immediate experience than had been thought possible before them. Both Montaigne and Proust are, to use a happy phrase of M. Ramon Fernandez about the latter, *l’homme en état de détente*—effortless man. After three centuries and a half Montaigne may appear to a certain degree quaint and old-fashioned, and many people even like him chiefly for his quaintness. This quaintness is partly real, being the mark of an age that was inordinately addicted to quotation from sources that are no longer very familiar to us, and that viewed history and the classics as a storehouse of examples. But this quaintness has nothing to do with Montaigne’s personality: it is just the impersonal residue in him of a feature common to his time. Another kind of quaintness in him is more imaginary than real: his French is quaint not in itself but only against the background of what French became after him. It partly proceeds from, and is emphasised by, the quaintness of his spelling, preserved in modern editions precisely, I suppose, for this reason. A modern translation of Montaigne can do much to destroy this impression of fictitious quaintness. Mr. Ives deliberately avoids using Elizabethan idiom. He aims at giving Montaigne’s meaning, at translating him, not into an English that would produce an impression on the contemporary

English reader similar to that which his sixteenth-century French produces on a modern Frenchman, but at translating his sixteenth-century French into modern English. This, if one does not aim at cheap and meretricious æstheticism is the only right way with Montaigne. It makes Mr. Ives's translation useful not only to those who know no French—it will help those who have read them with nothing but a knowledge of standard French to understand the Essays, by stripping him of a strangeness that is not his. On the whole I think Mr. Ives has fulfilled his task very well, though in some cases his translation, which is always an interpretation, seems to be a doubtful interpretation. Thus for instance the title of the twentieth chapter of the second book, *Nous ne goustons rien de pur*, which in Montaigne's intention means that no good is free from ill, Mr. Ives renders as *We have no experience of any simple thing*, which can be understood to mean something quite different. But in all such cases Mr. Ives gives the French text in the notes. The French text is preserved in the body of the work in all cases where his American translator thinks Montaigne "riskay." There can be no doubt that Mr. Ives is always well on the safe side of the dividing line, and this results in a great deal of the original French being left untranslated. The reader will hardly complain, as for all the interpretative value of Mr. Ives's translation, Montaigne's French, quite apart from its quaintness, has a charm and a flavour that is beyond translating, and snatches of it are always welcome.

For Petrarch his biographer also claims the title of "The first modern," and that, in a sense, he undoubtedly was; *was*, but no longer is. He was a man of the Renaissance living in the Middle Ages; Montaigne a man of after-the-great-war living in the Renaissance. In all respects except that both of them were, for the times, exceptionally intent upon their inner life, Petrarch was the opposite of Montaigne. He was above all a great pedant, not in the sense that he was enormously pedantic, but that he was a pedant who happened to be a great man. He is one of those very few men whose lives are naturally identified with the history of their time, and it is only natural that Mr. Tatham should have chosen him rather than anyone else to demonstrate his contention that if history is to become "the art of living in bygone ages," the best way for it is to take for itself a nucleus of biography. *Francesco Petrarca* is a book of general history, a very ambitious attempt to give a complete reconstruction of European society in the first half of the fourteenth century by relating it to the life of the best-known (in the sense that we have more biographical knowledge of him than of any other) man of the time. To the purely literary reader the book presents comparatively little interest, but it is a veritable encyclopædia of everything in any way whatever relating to the first forty-four years of the great poet's life. And the curious will find a full discussion of the question as to whether Laura was actually a kinswoman of the notorious Marquis de Sade, or whether she was only married into the family.

In his preface to *Blanquerna*, Mr. Allison Peers also emphasises the earliness of the great Catalan polygraph, Ramòn Lull. He was earlier than Dante, much earlier than Petrarch, Boccaccio or Chaucer. But Lull is in no way a modern, he is thoroughly medieval, and the interest of his book lies precisely in its great representativeness. It is, no doubt, next to the *Divine Comedy*, the fullest as well as the most personal embodiment of the medieval outlook. It is an allegorical romance telling the life story of Blanquerna, son of the virtuous Evast and Aloma (who has nothing to do with the South-Sea-island play now on in one of the West-end theatres). Gradually ascending in holy orders Blanquerna becomes Pope, and after giving the Catholic world an ideal state of religious conditions resigns the Papacy and becomes a hermit. The translator rather aptly calls the romance a Catholic *Pilgrim's Progress*, but it

must not be expected that it has those of Bunyan's peculiar gifts that have made him a classic. *Blanquerna*, exceedingly important for the medieval student and for the student of literature, is not exciting reading. The publishers must be congratulated on the exceptionally agreeable appearance of the book, which it is a pleasure to handle.

Mr. Koteliansky has rendered a great service to all English students of Dostoevsky by his translation of selected passages from the diary of Anna Grigorievna Dostoevsky relating to their stay at Baden-Baden in 1867, famous in the biography of the great novelist for a particularly furious access of gambling fever, and for his meeting with Turgenyev. These passages are supplemented by selections from the Memoirs of Mme. Dostoevsky referring to her first acquaintance with her future husband and to their later life, and by other matter referring to Dostoevsky's relations with Turgenyev, to his love affair with Pauline Suslova (who afterwards married another great writer, Rozanov), and to Strakhov's depreciation of Dostoevsky's character in a famous letter to Tolstoy. The whole forms a collection of invaluable information on the character of Dostoevsky, particularly interesting as it refers to some of the most crucial turning-points in his life. The personality of Mme. Dostoevsky in her simple, courageous and somewhat naïve devotion for her husband comes out of her diary and memoirs very attractively. The most remarkable thing about her is that she seems to have remained immune from all his spiritual poisons and preserved her simplicity and serenity of soul in such a dangerous proximity. Mr. Koteliansky's translation is very conscientious and reliable, though sometimes keeping unnecessarily near to the Russian idiom.

Of all the strange things I have come across in this country (which after all is not so strange as is sometimes supposed), by far the strangest is the present infatuation of a large part of the English intelligentsia with Chekhov. (I admit that an Englishman would probably have found the Russian Oscar-Wilde-cult of twenty years ago quite as strange.) The present volume of Chekhov's letters to his wife (who is still alive, and an actress of the Moscow Art Theatre) would obviously never have had the honour of an English translation (which is on Mrs. Garnett's best level) without that strange infection in the air. A man's letters to his wife are seldom pleasant reading to a third party. Wives are usually aware of this, and seldom in their lifetime publish their husband's letters. Mme. Chekhov is an exception, but Chekhov's letters to her are no exception. Chekhov has a deserved reputation as a letter-writer, and many of his letters (especially to Suvorin) are as worth reading as any letters published, but the English Chekhovite who reads this volume and keeps undiminished the sacred flame of his religion is a hopeless case, at least to my limited understanding of the mind of the English intellectual.

I have no room here to speak of Mr. Larg's very interesting study of the first great "feminine romanticist" whose personality is at present occupying so much of the attention of the French anti-romanticists. The present volume brings the narrative only to her thirty-fourth year and is to be followed by a second.

Professor Weigand's book on Ibsen in spite of its unpromising appearance is by no means dull, though perhaps the dullness is not always intentionally avoided. Professor Weigand treats the characters of Ibsen's plays as if they were real men and women, discussing their moral value and speculating what they will do after the curtain. It is refreshing in our over-ripe times to have literature once in a time treated in so unsophisticated a way.

D. S. MIRSKY

BELLES-LETTRES

THE ORANGE TREE. By ROBERT LYND ("Y.Y."). Methuen. 6s.

SPILLIKINS. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Methuen. 5s.

WINNOWNED WISDOM. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. The Bodley Head. 5s.

THE WOODEN MAN, AND OTHER STORIES AND ESSAYS. By GILBERT NORWOOD. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

EXCAVATIONS. By CARL VAN VECHTEN. New York. Knopf. \$2.50.

VILLAGE IDYLLS. By S. L. BENSUSAN. Noel Douglas. 12s. 6d.

THE more one considers him the more wonderful Mr. Robert Lynd becomes. For the last how many years is it? he has been contributing an essay every week to one of the leading London literary reviews. The initials "Y.Y." must by now be familiar in every country in the civilised world. And—here is the wonder of it—he shows no signs of falling off. Most intelligent men could, I imagine, write an essay on occasion; few intelligent men would care to make a practice of it. Sooner or later they would infallibly find themselves "stumped" for want of a subject. But it is unlikely that Mr. Lynd will ever fail for subjects. His interests are too diversified; they are co-extensive with life itself. It is not quite a truism to say that life, for the most of us, is made up of trivialities, for few of us quite realise how true that is. I think that I have before remarked that Mr. Lynd is a specialist in the significance of the trivial; I will take the risk of repeating that assertion. The titles of a few of his essays will afford some indication of my meaning—"The Jam-Pot," "Noses," "Hats," "Woman" (though Heaven forbid that I should regard *that* subject as trivial!), "On Laughing Aloud," "Thoughts on Monkeys," "On Not Being Struck by Lightning." Here is a rich array of subjects for philosophic, witty and whimsical dissertation, and Mr. Lynd is never less than equal to his task. He is thoroughly alive to the faults and foibles of mankind, but he is none the less appreciative of its finer qualities, its thwarted aspirations, its often futile heroisms. It is not his business to sit in judgment; he is essentially "one of us." So, at least, he makes us feel. And a writer of Mr. Lynd's gifts who is capable of that achievement deserves our thanks. To have read one of his essays is to be, for the time at least, on good terms with existence. Much more than that can hardly be demanded of an author.

"George A. Birmingham" is more obviously an essayist with a purpose. He may seek to disguise that purpose as much as he will, but somehow seriousness will keep breaking through. After all, a man is not a preacher for nothing, and something of the influence of the pulpit is discernible even in Canon Hannay's lighter efforts. Nobody but a fool would deny the title of humourist to the author of *General John Regan*. Canon Hannay, however, reserves his humour mainly for his novels. I use the word "mainly" advisedly, for the opening essay in this volume, "Asking Questions," reveals the author at his best. A different note is struck in "Hauntings," "Catholic" and "Souls or Stomachs," where some of the most vital problems of the period (and indeed of all periods) are treated with the gravity that befits them. In "Changing England"—one of the best papers in the book—the author develops the theme that "the breaking up of the old village and the partial owning of the middle classes, are the two great changes which the war and the peace after it have wrought in

England." *Spillikins* is admirably designed for a serious reader in his less strenuous moments.

Mr. Leacock's new book is addressed to the "average man." The average man will, no doubt, read it with immense satisfaction. What he will probably fail to perceive is the fact that Mr. Leacock himself is enjoying a considerable amount of quiet fun at the expense of his reader—and victim. It is a fatal thing to achieve a reputation as a humourist, for there is a general impression that levity is the soul of wit, and that nothing a comic writer says need be taken seriously. For all that, there is, I suspect, a core of real seriousness beneath Mr. Leacock's airy persiflage. He combines the methods of Juvenal with those of Mark Twain. He is not too exquisitely at home in the age in which he lives. He dislikes its hypocrisies, its baseless intellectual pretensions, its hollow conventions, and if his method of chastisement is lacking in savagery, it should be none the less effective on that account. There is nothing a fool dreads more than laughter, and the laughter of Mr. Leacock is invariably directed against folly. The section of this book entitled "Brotherly Love among the Nations" contains, with all its apparent carelessness of comedy, some very shrewd satire, and is hardly calculated to minister to the complacency of Mr. Leacock's friend, the average man. Elsewhere he subjects some of our popular proverbs to a searching scrutiny, with this result, among others :

Charity begins at home. Perfectly absurd. Watch any modern city householder when a beggar comes to his door. Charity begins with the Federated Charities Office, or with the Out-of-Work Mission, or with the City Hall, or if need be, with the Police Court—in short, anywhere but at home. Our whole effort now is to keep charity as far from home as possible.

One is always grateful for Mr. Leacock.

It would be a work of supererogation to introduce Professor Gilbert Norwood to readers of THE LONDON MERCURY. Indeed, many—and possibly a majority—of the essays which go to make up this book have appeared in its pages. Professor Norwood differs from most essayists in that his preoccupation is for the most part with ideas rather than with men. He views the human race in a spirit of intellectual but compassionate detachment. He has certain well-defined dislikes, chief among which would appear to be those multitudinous and unnecessary activities which are conveniently summed up in the term "big business." His essay on Organisation goes far to explain the failure of Christianity as a religion and its success as a business proposition, and there is a wealth of profound truth in the passage which depicts Christ as a hater of accepted institutions. "Christ," he tells us, in the course of an essay which throughout is as conspicuous for its candour as for its spiritual insight, "showed Himself no friend to family life."

He hated morality : that was His first quarrel with the Pharisees. For morality, just as it prevents reversion to chaos, prevents advance towards spiritual truth and fruitful conduct. It is organisation, once more : morals are the brief and rigid expression on what, on an average, contemporary men are doing. So Christ denounced the Pharisees not (as a rule) for their wickedness but for their rigidity. He preferred the publicans and the harlots ; assuredly not because their acts at a given moment were superior to those of the Pharisees, but because He was interested, not in abstract conduct, but in living people ; and the Pharisees were dead, their souls slain by formalism. If a number of Christ's contemporaries were living now, a modern Church would admit a typical enemy of His more readily than a typical friend. . . . The fact is inevitable, because a church is an organisation, and an organisation must welcome what will uphold it, exclude what would disrupt it.

The Wooden Man reveals its writer in many moods. The opening story recounts how a group of ardent and credulous students of folk-lore were successfully spoofed by a distinguished archæologist, and the other essays range from a critical estimate of Petronius to an appreciation of the Loeb Library. Sound scholarship, good humour and common sense are to be found in all of them.

Mr. Carl Van Vechten goes far to disarm criticism by bestowing upon his new book the title of *Excavations*. He is indeed less of an essayist than an excavator, and he has devoted nearly three hundred pages to an attempt to resuscitate a number of dead reputations. Most of the writers who command his admiration have long since had their day and ceased to be. Posterity has its own way of dealing with these matters, and, on the whole, the judgment of posterity is generally fairly sound. It might take some courage to enter upon a defence of Ouida, were it not for the fact that one has an uneasy suspicion that Mr. Van Vechten feels that Ouida is a writer to be written about because she is a writer who is no longer read. Sir Arthur Sullivan is another of the eminent Victorians who enjoy the championship of Mr. Van Vechten. In England such advocacy would hardly be required. It seems, however, that in the United States the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are "forbidden entrance." Well, the United States no doubt get the type of opera they desire and deserve. But what, one asks in wonderment, is Mr. Arthur Machen doing in this galley? He is an author who not only stimulates, but sells. It is strange—strange and disturbing—to find Mr. Van Vechten succumbing to the lure of the popular. Perhaps in his next book he will favour us with an appreciation of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.

"It is curious how little Essex has figured in literature," wrote Zangwill in his foreword to Mr. Bensusan's new book. In view of the nearness of Essex to London, it is, perhaps, a little more than curious. For some reason which it would not be easy to explain, Essex appears to be regarded as a sort of Cinderella of the English counties. Those who know it will agree that it deserves a better fate, and will be correspondingly grateful to Mr. Bensusan for his attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of this too neglected county. Not that Mr. Bensusan has any illusions—or, at least, not many—about the average Essex villager. He has his faults, but he has, too, his sterling qualities, each of which the author has reproduced with an admirable fidelity. There is no lack of humour in this book, and more than a little fantasy. Solomon Woodpecker's dream of what he would do if he were made a lord will, I think, stand the test of quotation:

I'd build me own public-house in me park like, an' I'd fill it wi' th' best old beer in England. Thirty-six gallons in every bar'l, no less. An' I'd ast me frien's to come in when they done their work, and they should have nothin' to piy, and there 'ouldn't be no closin' time, an' no p'licemen, an' no teetotallers, or meetings, an' no Govinment comin' interferin'. And I'd have a pianner and a gramyphone an' people to play 'em, and there'd be cowl meat and pickles an' cheese an' bread on th' table all day long f'r them that wanted 'em.

Mr. H. George Webb's wood engravings have caught something of the spirit of Essex.

T. MICHAEL POPE

PHILOSOPHY

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. By OSWALD SPENGLER. Translated by CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON. Allen & Unwin. 21s.

THIS is merely the first volume of two which, under the title of *Untergang des Abendlandes*, comes to translation with an impressive background of success, both in esteem and popularity, in its native tongue. Appearing originally in July, 1918, it has since found, we are told, 100,000 purchasers in post-war Germany.

In essence *The Decline of the West* is an attempt at a new philosophy of history. The author sees the world from the beginning of recorded time as divided into various distinctive epochs, corresponding to the active life of different races or race groups. He maintains that each of these groups contained a first or Culture period and a last or Civilisation period, whereafter it perished in every intellectual and spiritual sense, dying without heirs and with no possible hope of resurrection; that each group possessed and expressed a distinctive idea or spirit from which all of its works, religious, artistic, scientific issued; and that the spirit died with it, leaving no important trace in the Culture-Civilisation history of any of the other groups. The very word "Immortality" as applied to works of art, philosophic thoughts, scientific discoveries, is to him absurd:

Everything-become is mortal, not only peoples, languages, races but Cultures are transient. In a few centuries there will no more be Germans, English or French than there were Romans in the time of Justinian. Not that the sequence of human generations failed; it was the inner form of a people, which had put together a number of these generations as a single gesture, that was no longer there. The *Civis Romanus*, one of the most powerful symbols of Classical being had, nevertheless, as a form, only a duration of some centuries.

. . . All art is mortal, not merely the individual artifacts but the arts themselves. One day the last portrait of Rembrandt and the last bar of Mozart will have ceased to be—although possibly a coloured canvas and a sheet of notes may remain—because the last eye and ear accessible to their message will have gone. Every thought, faith and science dies as soon as the spirits in whose worlds their "eternal truths" were true and necessary were extinguished. . . .

To the establishment of this thesis Dr. Spengler brings the most incredible resources of erudition and ingenuity, not untinged at frequent intervals with the warm imagination of a poet or seer. His knowledge seems to know no bounds—he appears to be familiar with every mathematical proposition, every physical discovery, every artistic creation, every philosophical theory which the human race has preserved—but his mind continually goes out beyond the formula and seeks the symbol; not the least of the stimulative effects of his book is the evocation he produces in his readers' minds by the use of such symbols as Faustian, Gothic, Baroque, to describe certain states of culture—to him there is a Baroque music and physics as well as architecture which differs in every possible connotation from Magian or Apollinian music or physics or architecture, although the word Baroque applied to any one of three or of a hundred other phenomena indifferently would echo the same idea.

The bulk of the volume is taken up with detailed considerations of the differences between these various points of view as they work themselves out in the richly patterned lives of the people holding them. His particular point of attack is the classical or

Apollinian, for the reason that we are more familiar with it than with the Chinese, Indian, Arabic or Egyptian, and that our own is the most complete antithesis to it, despite the universal belief that we are the continuation of it. His method here is typical of the others. He begins with the contrasted conception of *number*, and demonstrates plausibly that whereas the Greek mathematical mind was occupied exclusively with *magnitude*, ours, beyond its elementary stages, is occupied with *function*—theirs with proportion, ours with relation. The Greek symbol is the line, ours the movement of the point through space. He establishes his contention by acute analyses of the different nature of the problems which absorbed Pythagoras, Archimedes and Euclid and those propounded by Newton, Leibnitz and Gauss.

From this he goes on to draw, and prove, by a wealth of illustration, the profound difference between the Greek and the Western spirit. Their occupation is with the near, the measurable, the delineated, ours with the remote, the variable, the infinite. Their mechanical problems were kinetic, ours dynamic. They were ahistorical, indifferent to past and future alike, we are engrossed with our history and our progress on this planet. The Greek was content, with rare exceptions, to live out his busy life within hailing distance of his native home, whereas we range the remote wastes and seek to penetrate the stars themselves—they were content with a Ptolemaic system, we must invent a Copernican—no Greek could possibly, in his view, have written, for instance, Whitman's lines :

Oh to realise space !

The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds,

To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and flying clouds, as one with them.

As art critic Dr. Spengler applies this difference remorselessly. To him the typical Greek art is sculpture, a small perfection definite, self-contained ; the art of the Faustian soul is music, fluid, variable, capable of endless extension into space. He holds that Greek buildings resemble precisely their mathematics, seeking merely to contain the finite rigidly but in harmonious proportion, whereas our typical structures, whether Gothic or Baroque, soar off into vastness in the effort to transmute stone into music. The Greek painted on flat walls ; we, after so beginning, could not retain our passion for space, and devised easel painting in oils, the arrangement of fading vistas and the portraying of disturbing psychological depths. The Greek ruthlessly shut out every conception inharmonious with his microcosmic arrangement, we blast our way through all spacial restriction. Again and again the author recurs to the symbolic difference between sculpture and music, even evading a difficulty by asserting :

His [Michelangelo's] attitude to it was not that of the Greek. In the very character of its being, the chiselled statue contradicts the world feeling that tries to *find* something by and not to *possess* something in, its art-works. The story of Pygmalion and Galatea expresses the very essence of that art. But for Michelangelo marble was the foe to be subdued, the prison out of which he must deliver his idea as Siegfried delivered Brunnhilde.

Having thus established his disparity, Dr. Spengler goes on to paint his analogy. All Culture-phases are different, so all Civilisation-phases assume different aspects, but in the end all alike must come to death. Rome was the civilisation to Greek culture, England plays the corresponding role in modern times to France's. And ending with a terrific indictment of twentieth-century art, science, aspirations, politics, morals and manners, he points the essential resemblances in these periods of obsolescence.

There is a great deal of wisdom, worldly as well as scholarly, in this book—it is, in a sense, a monument of the knowledge and thought of our day. But it is after all the proposition of a theory which must be proved by whatever resources of ingenuity. It ignores what does not suit its purpose, or cleverly (at times *merely* cleverly) selects to suit its own purpose. Disturbed by the evident Classic tone of the Renaissance he asserts:

But the Renaissance, when it had mastered some arts of word and picture, had shot its bolt. It altered the ways of thought and the life-feeling of West Europe not one whit . . . produced no great personality between Dante and Michelangelo.

Against which outburst may be set his utilisation later on of Giotto, Masaccio, Leonardo (whom he considers a *very* great personality), Raphael, Columbus, etc.

But minor inconsistencies aside, it seems to me that the central argument fails, or at least demands considerable modification, just *because* we are the sort of men Dr. Spengler has perceived us to be. We may not have the ancient Greeks' way of looking at things, nor they ours, but it is doubtful, despite our author's assertion, that they would have refused to acknowledge ours if they could have known of it. There is such a thing as recapitulation—it is assumed in this book. We grow through the history of other peoples, in different directions, no doubt, but using as best we can for our own purposes the materials they have left us. We extend our horizons, as is our habit, by absorbing theirs as far as we can discover them. History is, as the author repeats a hundred times, irreversible—we cannot test whether the Greek would understand Leibnitz or enjoy Bach, but we know that we can follow Euclid and find an approach to beatitude in Homer. Similarly, when communication and knowledge grow, there is no reason to believe that Chinese or Indian or Egyptian thought and beauty will be forever dead to us. Symbols may have different meanings in different ages, but Phidias, Hiroshige, Amenemhet, and countless other names must always be of significance and even usefulness to us—as much so, in their way, as Goethe, Palestrina, Chartres. To that extent, surely, Cultures do not die, but are merely renewed, as all Nature renews itself through transient life-substances for the creation of eternal forms.

MILTON WALDMAN

DRAMATIC LITERATURE

SONGS FROM THE BRITISH DRAMA. By EDWARD BLISS REED. Oxford University Press (for Yale). 18s.

SHERIDAN TO ROBERTSON. By E. B. WATSON. Oxford University Press (for Harvard). 25s.

ANTOINE AND THE THEATRE-LIBRE. By S. M. WAXMAN. Oxford University Press (for Harvard). 12s. 6d.

DRAMATIC ART. By ENID ROSE. University Tutorial Press. 5s. 6d.

IT has become an axiom that anthologists must not be dealt with too severely, and the platitude that one cannot please everyone has been made into a war-cry on both sides, leaving the critic to explain how agreeable it is to have, for the fifteenth time, the chance of reading that little-known poem, *L'Allegro*. Nevertheless, there must be some rules for the anthologist. Even if there be only those of personal taste, one has a right to expect that the results will conform to the limits laid down in the title. When a man states that here are the poems he likes, then the work is approached in the spirit in which it was performed: when a book is called "a well-chosen anthology" one at once feels the right to be critical, and when to such a description is added the title of *Songs from the British Drama* one is justified in expecting a representative selection. It is here that Professor Reed fails. True, the cover states that "the volume contains poems from the Coventry Shearers' and Tailors' Pageant to a lyric from *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'*," but sheer distance is nothing and despite these outposts there is nothing (for those who want it) from Shelley and Swinburne, nor Beddoes, nor Flecker. That Professor Reed excluded songs from unacted plays does not exempt him; it only proves the fallacy of his method. For Laurence Housman may come in, while Flecker knocks at the gate, and here are the pseudo-Shakespearean pastiches of Miss Clemence Dane, where Beddoes' real songs may not sound. It matters not a jot that his plays were not performed, their occurrence alone is of peculiar significance in the history of British drama, and what principle of selection is this that excludes *Old Adam, the carrion crow*, or *If thou wilt ease thine heart for A Voice singing* :

Come with me to London,
Folly come away !
I'll make your fortune
On a fine day—
Daisy leave and buttercup !
Pick your gold and silver up
In London, in London,
Oh, London Town.

or favours Mr. Galsworthy elegantly enquiring :

The windy hours through darkness fly—
Canst hear them, little heart ?

in place of the many beautiful lyrics from *Hassan* or *Don Juan*, both of which have, incidentally, been acted ? Professor Reed seems to recognise something is amiss, for he says that he had "arbitrarily excluded so many fine songs that they would form a second volume ;" one wonders why he *did* exclude them—unless he has that second volume in mind. Although not all these songs are fine—Settle's *Let us use time while*

we may being a pale echo of *Come, my Celia*, also included, and a weak forecast of *Youth's the season made for Joys*, mysteriously left out—there are, besides the old friends, a number of acquaintances that closer meeting makes friends—of this latter class one may choose Munday's *Weep, weep, ye woodmen, wail*, Daniel's *Had sorrow ever fitter place* and Peele's *Fair and fair and twice so fair*, while the fitness of things is observed by *Back and side go bare*, Webster's dirges and a competent group from Shakespeare, whose voice and verve and magic skill surpass, as ever, the rest. These make it an excellent book for the student reading up for some such subject as *The Dirge as a Sign of Grief in Drama* or *Hymen's Place in the Hymnal*; he may even give proof of his learning by a shrewd wonder as to how Fletcher's line

Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see

could be made to sound attractively, and an estimation of the exact worth of Pickering's

It is good sport to see the strife
Of soldiers in a row.

More frivolous readers may fall to the human need to cavil as they sigh for Mad Margaret's song or *I once was a very abandoned person* to enliven the three-page selection from *Patience*, for if Gilbert's flights in other operas were not so sustained, they were occasionally higher.

Producing good, undistinguished text-books seems a habit with American professors, despite the example of their English colleagues: perhaps it is the result of the routine and atmosphere of their universities, for both Professor Watson's and Professor Waxman's books are histories of the old-fashioned style, with not a breath of imagination to stir the sheaves of carefully gathered facts. Unfortunately, the sorting of Professor Watson's facts has not received the same care, so that the breath of life he was unwilling, or unable, to let his imagination give the book is at times supplied by a yawn from the reader. Professor Waxman had an advantage in that Antoine himself gave him the run of his library and the benefit of his memories, but then his was a lighter task; and how thrilling it is to know just when candles were abolished in the theatres (a fact that escaped the author of *Antoine*) and when antimacassars were first introduced into the stalls! Professor Watson, indeed, finds this fact so exciting that he mentions it more than once. The reader will find absence of any definite main theme in *Sheridan to Robertson* confusing; this lack enables some things to be flung at him without due explanation, and others to be repeated with a tiresome frequency, when some new chapter demands a return to earlier years. He will feel on entering this little-known period like that Duchess who, it will be remembered, declared that she was going into a wilderness without path or friendly clew to be her guide. But it is a little-known period, and Professor Watson's work does open it up. There are stories here of the O. P. Riots, of Kemble, Macready and Kean, as well as of those unpedestalled personages, the cropping up of whose names is such a source of abasement to the student with only a little knowledge—Marie Wilton, Vestri, Elliston and Charlotte Cushman. It is good, too, to know finally the origin of that phrase, "legitimate." The most valuable part of the book, however, is not the text, nor the maps and illustrations, but the reprinted press criticisms of the time. Reviewers then were leisurely, and when they condemned, they condemned with leisure and thoroughness. *The Theatrical Journal* of 1870 observed of the famous Lord Dundreary:

The character is an unreal mockery and the piece itself about as contemptible as any average modern stuff.

So now "Edward Wilbraham" may look back across the ages with the knowledge that it has always been so. (*Enter Lady Betty, reading a Tatler*: "The worst of innovators is that they are always inundated.") *Exit left, right, left, right.*)

The same paper had previously spoken its mind about Her Majesty:

The Queen has been to see this vulgar Victorian trash four times, and she might just as well go to the saloons and witness blood and murder pieces.

But it is surely worth knowing that, on four occasions at least, "We" were "amused." Professor Watson has left no stone unturned in his research; it is perhaps natural therefore that his book should give evidence more of the pick-axe than the pen. His index is refreshingly complete, a respect in which Professor Waxman can be wished to have copied him, for though his book is about Antoine, you will look in vain for that name in the index. The French stage was in much the same way as the English of Professor Watson's book when Antoine began to produce, in 1878, for a Montmartre amateur dramatic club. Professor Waxman follows the development of the *Théâtre Libre* through all its phases, writing at length on the plays and authors, giving an interesting appendix of the programmes. Over it all glows, and occasionally glowers, the personality of Antoine, as he refused to be only *naturaliste*, broadened his circle and produced plays that did not actually appeal to him, solely because he thought them good, while all the time he wrote indiscreet letters to editors and accumulated debts. It was he who first gave Paris Ibsen, whom Professor Waxman, being all for de Musset, is in no danger of over-rating. "The season of 1890-1891 was lacking in distinction. Even *The Wild Duck* was not one of Ibsen's best works." Strindberg, too, is given not half the attention received by Becque or Curot. It is unfortunate that Professor Waxman has learned so little from those he has studied: his style contains all the false fineries and jade's tricks of the revolt against which he is the recorder.

It is difficult to say anything of Miss Rose's book without saying too much. I will therefore content myself with quotations. First, "the theatre being the most complex of subjects, proportion counts for much"—here I must break my rule to remark that for her own counting of that acquisition, single figures would be ample. For after this there occurs, on the same page, "We need to know physiology, for instance, not as the professional physiologists . . . but simply in its bearing on the theatre;" then there follow in quick succession a Note on Paul Renouard (whose illustrations are reproduced), an attack on A.B.W., a letter from David Garrick and quotations from Henry James and Robert Browning. We have now reached page 7. Forty pages further on, Shakespeare is used (in his *Give me that man that is not passion's slave*) as furnishing physiological correspondence for his identification of heart's blood with passionate waywardness; leaping another forty, "we find" a table giving the eye's movements in emotion, so that we learn that in stupor the eyebrow must contract and the lid expand, whilst when astonished both features expand. The same page also informs us that the mouth is "characterised by movements for eating in support of physical life" (I had always wondered), and then, after a brief and business-like account of the theatre in all lands at all times, "we find" that "Ibsen, Nietzsche and Gordon Craig are prophets hailing the dawn of the Third Empire" in the theatre. It was therefore, apparently not for nothing that Miss Rose declared in her foreword "Leaders must be found and followed."

ROBERT HERRING

THE CLASSICS

A HISTORY OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN WORLD. By G. B. GRUNDY. Methuen. 22s. 6d.

THE GREEK POINT OF VIEW. By MAURICE HUTTON. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

PRIMITIVE CULTURE IN GREECE. By H. J. ROSE. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THUCYDIDES : A Study in Historical Reality. By G. F. ABBOTT. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

CULEX. By D. L. DREW. Blackwell. 6s.

PASTORAL AND ALLEGORY. By J. S. PHILLIMORE. Clarendon Press. 2s.

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICA NICOMACHEA. Translated by W. D. ROSS. Clarendon Press. 6s.

PLATONISM AND ITS INFLUENCE. By A. E. TAYLOR. ARISTOTELIANISM. By J. C. STOCKS. ARISTOPHANES. By L. E. LORD. ROMAN PRIVATE LIFE AND ITS SURVIVALS. By W. B. MCDANIEL. ("Our Debt to Greece and Rome" series). Harrap. 5s. each.

LIDDELL AND SCOTT'S GREEK LEXICON. New Edition. Part 2 : ἀποβάλλω—διαλέγω. Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d.

As a devout classicist I welcome all evidence of the survival of sound old institutions. I have often maintained that the new-fangled Don, the bright economist, has by no means ousted the older type, and now comes Dr. Grundy's history of antiquity to suggest, in more ways than one, that survivals live through fresh points of contact. In its crustiness and political scepticism it is refreshingly donnish, while at the same time it is—besides being, of course, up-to-date in its learning—in certain ways very modern in spirit. The author, indeed, disclaims all *tendenz* ; " I have not attempted to prove that the Athenians were early Victorian Liberals, nor that the abler Roman statesmen belonged to the Prussian school " ; a thwack for Grote and a thump for Mommsen. But there is nothing like a real hearty *parti pris*—which the intelligent reader can easily discount where necessary—for giving tone to historical literature ; hence for Mommsen's work its life, for Grote's its illumination. Dr. Grundy himself is much better than his word, and nobody will complain of this book that it betrays a lack of healthy prejudice ; for while on the whole he may be acquitted of Liberalism, the author's affinities with Prussianism are much less open to doubt. His guying of Demosthenes to set off the superman Philip reminds me of Mommsen himself on Cicero—to whom, however, Dr. Grundy is kind. He is all for organisation, empire, discipline, *real-politik*, and even—yes !—" the sword." Very well then ; but in so far as these things are excellent it is admittedly as means ; when the question rises " to what end ? " Dr. Grundy is neither consistent nor articulate. Not that he is without a sense of ideals ; far from it, he can discuss them finely ; but while he realises that between them and the big achievements for which he has a Carlyle-Nietzschean reverence there is some sort of integral relation, he is helpless, and does not seem to know that he is helpless, to give any clear general indication of what he supposes that relation to be. His happy warriors of the Roman Empire fought, not merely for commercialism nor even for national existence, but to

maintain the "blessing" of peace. But if they were always fighting for it, was it peace? "The lessons which history teaches," he tells us, "are almost brutal in their simplicity"; but he himself is not so brutal, and when I find him on page 172 shaking his head over the attempts of imperialism, Periclean and other, to justify itself as the vehicle of culture, and yet on page 529, after a most diverting reduction of the secret of Roman dominion to "its crudest factor . . . the Spanish sword, the most effective weapon of their time," summing up that "it was on the point of that sword that Roman ideas were handed down to the modern world, even as Greek ideas had been thrust upon the world of western Asia on the point of the Macedonian spear," I am left wondering just what it is that history teaches. As for the reason why Alexander and Augustus should be heroes and Pericles not, I am driven to a conjecture. Although Dr. Grundy has to admit (in a corner) that the Greeks taught the world "that beauty is a real factor in life's happiness" and "that a humane world was a happier world for all, even for the strong, than a world in which cruelty was the law of life," he himself seems to take but fitful account of the latter idea and practically none of the former. His outlook is what I, at least, should call characteristically modern, in its unconscious preoccupation with purely material well-being; and it is significant that he finds the consummation of ancient progress in the reign of Hadrian; which as a matter of fact ushered in the decline of culture. If I am to be put back into antiquity and must therefore fight in any period, I had rather fight to help men build the Parthenon than to let them eat and multiply ingloriously. However, though Dr. Grundy has no philosophy of history to interpret by, his book has the great value of taking us right through ancient history while being independent and provocative on almost every issue, and by that, and the pains I have been at to diagnose it, I must leave its interest and importance to be presumed.

There is, of course, no reason why a writer, whose business carries him elsewhere, should not take his hat off to Greek art and poetry and fare on, like an ancient traveller in passing a shrine. But in that case he must be careful that both his generalisations and his title confine themselves to his peculiar purview. Mr. Hutton, on the contrary, has written a book, ostensibly upon the Greek point of view, of which it is rather characteristic that Pindar, for example, is never mentioned, and Aeschylus and Sophocles but incidentally. It is, indeed, an interesting and independently thoughtful work, freely and aptly illustrated by modern contrasts and parallels; its standpoint has the advantages, and there are some, of being, unlike other books on this subject, external and critical; but it is far less on the Greek point of view than on the limitations of Greek philosophic ethics, and although the substance of its indictment (that Socrates, Plato and others ignored the Will) is sound and the examination searching, its negativity, except as a defence of Christian ethic, makes it, eventually, a trifle monotonous. There is one sentence of forty lines and another of sixty-five, the latter a record in my experience. It is hardly then surprising that a distinctly fairer and more positive impression of the Greek mind should be conveyed even by so special a monograph as *Primitive Culture in Greece*, where Professor Rose, by contrast with Mr. Hutton, handles a narrow subject from a broad outlook; fortified, too, by resources of meticulous and devious lore, which, however, in a popular handbook, he naturally does not empty over every page. His genially-written book is, as he himself begins by observing, of the "snakes in Iceland" variety, a protest in fact against a current tendency to see *too much* of savagery in the historical Greeks. There is certainly some timeliness in his reminder of the immense antiquity—proved by recent discoveries—not merely of man, but of high civilisation, in ancient Greece and the Aegean world generally. By a methodical application of tests, he shows that the surviving primitive element, while incontestable,

was not only smaller than has often been suggested, but consisted mainly of "survivals in the true sense of the word, that is, mere fossil remnants." His short chapter on the Greek Peoples, in which he outlines clearly what has been often fogged, as well as his guardedness and candour in statement generally, should make his book useful to inquiring litterateurs like myself, who in the field of anthropology, from comparative ignorance, fall a ready prey to every latest theorist, until they find that each in turn seems to land them in a quagmire of inconsistency. But in illustrating from modern custom he betrays no such scruples, and his explanation of the fact that Mrs. John Smith at social functions refers to her husband not as John but as Mr. Smith will make joyful reading for some of those whose theories he has criticised as being arbitrary and fantastic.

Mr. Abbott's *Thucydides*, which I happen to have reviewed at length elsewhere, is a succinct and judicious monograph on the great historian in all his aspects and connections, and forms an admirable introduction to the subject, suitable alike for the general reader and for the University student. The *Culex* or "Gnat" is a poem the importance of which depends solely upon the question whether or not it is to be identified with the similarly-named early work of Virgil; Professor Drew by his elaborate inquiry seduces me from the orthodox negative. For the poem's date, however, which Professor Drew's table of contents promises in perfidious capitals to tell me, I have to have recourse to the next-named work, which adds its own influential vote on the side of authenticity; this, then, is how the cats are now jumping. Another tendency of which I have seen signs in recent years and which has my cordial sympathy is exemplified in this latter essay, the tendency to throw a flood of light on Virgil's Eclogues by showing them to be permeated with contemporary allusion lightly veiled in allegory. This game, we know, can be played by clever fools in the wrong places, but the whole history of pastoral indicates this method of approach as not merely legitimate, but essential to any proper understanding of any characteristic poem in this *genre*. Remember *Lycidas* and Dr. Johnson who, by complaining that Edward King and Milton had never actually herded sheep, showed only that he himself had never even grasped what Milton meant by that. To read Professor Phillimore is always a tonic; in the insight of his literary interpretation and the boisterousness and pungency of his writing he is unique, and here as elsewhere his line of advance is so central that he may well be privileged to cut, as he certainly does, an occasional caper.

Translation is far more important in the case of some authors than in others; Aristotle, for several reasons, demands it perhaps more than any other Greek author; at many a passage it is the shortest cut to, or the most compendious form of, explanation. His translator must exercise some freedom, for his exposition is so awkward that his expression needs constant doctoring. Welldon, whom I have hitherto consulted for the *Ethics*, roadmended the pits by filling them up with passages in italics; Professor Ross prefers the use of schematic lettering and numbering, reserving italics for frequent emphasis. He maintains an admirable equilibrium between literalness, lucidity and normal English, and adopts a wise policy in dealing with recurrent terms. Every series has its two extremes, and "Our Debt" is perhaps more uneven than most; but the volumes listed above represent a considered selection, not quite to date. Ever since his old brilliant sixpenny "People's" *Aristotle*, I have found in Professor Taylor our most illuminating writer on Greek philosophy. The last on this list happily conveys a tone of entertainment to its very genuine instruction, being vividly and attractively written.

To the second instalment of the new Liddell and Scott, all hail.

ARCHIBALD Y. CAMPBELL

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Volume II. 1782-1787. Edited by JOHN BERESFORD. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d.

NAVAL MEMORIES AND TRADITIONS. By ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT KING-HALL, K.C.B. Hutchinson. 21s.

AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS. By A. LUDOVICI. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.

LONDON'S LATIN QUARTER. By KENNETH HARE. The Bodley Head. 15s.

THE second volume of the Revd. James Woodforde's diary is due to the general appreciation of the earlier issue. Mr. John Beresford has proved an ideal editor. He wisely adds only essential foot-notes, which, in general, as he points out, "have a fiendish power at once of attraction and distraction"—but it as well for us to be reminded of what we have forgotten, or never known, of eighteenth-century history. It covers six momentous years. From 1782-1787, England loses America, the first Monarchy of Europe is tottering to its fall, while the youthful Napoleon is studying tactics at Brienne. At home, the country is groaning with taxation, little consoled by the discoveries of Arkwright, Watt and other pioneers of industrial development. All this troubles Parson Woodforde very little. His pages give us "The simple Annals of the Village Poor: Their Temper, Manners, Morals, Customs, Arts." It is a page out of the history of the English people, written as the late J. R. Green wished it written, telling "how men and things appeared to the lookers-on of their own day and how contemporary observers aimed at representing them." And the Parson "breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home, quite comfortably"—as the years rolled on.

It is amazing how much people managed to eat and drink—but one notices a good many early deaths, due, one fears, from internal evidence, to blood pressure and appendicitis. The parson is not immune; occasionally he has uneasy nights when he has eaten "a good deal of peas pudding 2 or 3 days ago, with a leg of pork," but he treats himself with Mrs. Squeers's remedy of "Brimstone and treacle" and reads "the great debates in the House of Commons" with matutinal composure where Col. Barre puts even Lord North "quite in a passion"—who had some excuse, as his Government was beaten by only one vote—and then goes out "to find a fine large hare sitting," sees her coursed, and returns home to entertain company once more to a breast of veal roasted," which sounds more appetising in the old spelling.

The Custances, of whom an agreeable picture is given, were the great people of the village: the Squire and his Lady, by Benjamin West, "with Hymen," who is represented as rather a minx, and obviously regarded by the lady with some suspicion. "Mrs. Custance (God bless her) is the best lady I ever knew"—this appreciation follows her sending for Nancy, his niece, who kept house at the Vicarage, to have her hair dressed, "by one Brown the best Ladies' Friseur in Norwich." Nancy returns, not merely with her head finely dressed but "very becoming her," and the lady insisted on paying, and it cost "no less than half a guinea." The friendship was intimate. Mrs. Custance is always dropping in, catching the household sometimes "on the hop" (how slang has a way of surviving!), sometimes bringing new fashions for

Nancy, which he finds "very dear following them." But he is no niggard, likes Nancy well dressed, and pays "1.13.6. for a riding hat with real ostrich feathers."

The Squire keeps him informed as to public affairs, and comes over to tell him "that Admiral Rodney has an engagement in the West Indies." But his flock are not neglected, though he seems to have had an unfortunate prejudice in favour of veal as a diet for invalids. Hearing that a Mrs. Thurston, who had been ill for some time, longed for some roast veal, "having therefore a loin roasted for dinner," he sends her "a good plate of it,"—but alas! "she ate heartily of the veal I sent her" and ate nothing afterwards "till she died." Veal broth is sent to another *in extremis*; but his specific of gin for colic or ague was more successful. It never fails, even with a gardener, who had treated himself unsuccessfully by total immersion in a pond.

Brother John is still a little troublesome. Readers of the earlier volume will remember he was accused of "riding his horse into a Methodist chapel and cursing the congregation," and he also invades, on the same horse, his wife's bedroom and "jumps it over her bed." His wife, who was a friend of Wesley's, did her best, but

it is but poor time with him, am very sorry for it. He is very generous and too much company hurts him greatly.

His tithe audits are well attended. After receiving £265.3.0. he entertains them all—some 25—to salt fish, a leg of mutton boiled with capers, a knuckle of veal, a pig's face, a fine sirloin of beef roasted and "plenty of plump Puddings." For such trenchermen, six bottles of wine does not seem excessive, but five of rum were also drunk and quantities of strong beer and ale. It was a pity "Foster behaved so insolent towards me. I don't intend to have him ever again at my frolick,"—and John Buck was unfortunate enough to break a decanter. But Woodforde relents, and we find Foster dining at another audit, and going away, "the most disguised of any," and apparently, on his way home, he had a battle with another guest: "Foster much injured for a time"—let us hope it did him good. And it is a pleasant touch to find the host lending Will Bidewell £10 the next morning, out of the tithes he had just paid.

Woodforde, hospitality itself, was not to be imposed upon. When a clergyman with a Scotch name came to his house and supped and slept, "here—himself and horse," he was annoyed. True, he remembered him at Oriel College, but "not so intimate as to expect that he would have taken such freedom, especially as he never made me a visit before." His handling of the situation was masterly:

He slept however in the attic storey, and I treated him as one that would be too free if treated too kindly.

We hear of Lord Loughborough at the Assizes; the younger Pitt, and Coke of Norfolk, as passing figures only, but the diary gives something more lasting than great names,—what Mr. Beresford calls, "That country peace" that is, one still may hope, "for ever England."

Admiral Sir Herbert King-Hall went to the *Britannia* so long ago as 1875. It is curious to read what was the system of discipline. "Severe" seems a mild description. To place a small boy in a dark cell, on a reduced diet, for a week or more was one of the punishments. Such treatment to-day would involve those responsible in a serious risk of criminal prosecution, but the victims do not seem to have minded. The ships have changed almost more than the methods. Up to 1825, the Navy was entirely under sail. By 1870 sails had become auxiliary, but when he joined the Service in 1875, there were still at sea two frigates and many smaller ships that were sailing vessels pure and simple, and it was not until 1886 that "sails were dead, with steam

triumphant." The *Britannia*, which saw service in the Crimean war, differed very little from the *Victory* in design.

We are given an attractive picture of the *Canada* in 1886 : a corvette in full sail, on which he served in the West Indies for three years. His career began as a midshipman in the Mediterranean Fleet, being taken through the Dardanelles, at the risk of a general engagement, by Admiral Hornby at the time when Disraeli was trying, with a divided Cabinet, to keep Russia from Constantinople—and we find him as an Admiral doing excellent service in the late War. He gives a charming sketch of General Botha, who made him play Auction Bridge and gave one piece of advice, which for his own sake we hope he kept :

Never make an original trump declaration unless you have either the ace or king of the suit.

An interesting account is given of St. Helena, where he met an old lady who remembered Napoleon well, and declared that on one occasion he had very nearly succeeded in escaping. Unfortunately the Admiral has forgotten how it was to be done and can only remember the tantalising fragments of a large cask and some Americans. His grandfather was stationed there in 1818 ; he was on the Emperor's side in the great controversy, and writes in his private diary, " All persons . . . agree that an unnecessary and severe restriction is placed upon Buonoparte," and he himself gives, through O'Meara, a message from Pauline Buonoparte. A Captain Towers was the intermediary, who was said to have been her lover. It is an interesting, if rather discursive, volume, but so was the Admiral's career.

Mr. Ludovici, an original and delightful artist, has joined convention for once in writing, like everyone else, his Memoirs, but with the excellent excuse of a good deal to say that is both new and entertaining. As a boy, he saw the French army starting *à Berlin*—and the Emperor driving to St. Cloud to get ready to start for the Front, and after Sedan he was still so convinced that France must win, that his farewell was "*En trois mois je serais en retour.*" Such was the power of the Napoleonic legend. A new, and one feels truer, aspect is given of Whistler, who is so often shown merely as the ill-natured wit. Mr. Ludovici explains what invaluable work he did as President of the Society of British Artists. " No detail was too small to claim his attention." It was due to him that Charles Keane, whose work had never received any public recognition, was elected, and Claude Merril and Alfred Stevens made honorary members.

An amusing letter is given from Mr. Bernard Shaw, who had noticed his work when an art critic :

Dear Ludovici—Could not you amplify that paragraph a little ? When were you born and where ? Did you not draw the family cat when you were only two ? Was not your father resolved that you should be a lawyer and were you not consequently forbidden to have a lead pencil and so driven to paint by moonlight on the under-quilt of your bed ? Have you never fought a duel, or rescued a lovely woman from drowning, or stolen £40,000 worth of diamonds ? Who was your master, and how soon did he say, " Go, my son, you are already a greater painter than your master " ? You know the sort of thing I mean.

London's Latin Quarter is a guide to the Bohemian Clubs of London. It is agreeably written—and the illustrations are delightful.

CHARTRES BIRON

COLLECTING AND ANTIQUITIES

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH FURNITURE. By PERCY MACQUOID and RALPH EDWARDS. With an Introduction by H. AVRAY TIPPING. Volume II (Ch.—M.). Country Life. 105s.

OLD ENGLISH SILVER. By W. W. WATTS. Benn. 126s.

ENGLISH HOMES. Period VI. Volume I. By H. AVRAY TIPPING. Country Life. 63s.

CHRISTIE'S : 1766 to 1925. By H. C. MARILLIER. Constable. 42s.

THE fortunate possessors of the first volume of the *Dictionary of English Furniture* will rejoice to find that the second volume (ranging from Chaise Longue to Mirror) shows no falling off from the high level reached by the former one. The death of Mr. Percy Macquoid has not affected the work, as this volume was far advanced at the time of his death, and his place has been taken by Mrs. Macquoid, who has been at work on the Dictionary with her husband from its inception, and is continuing it with Mr. Ralph Edwards. Many of the articles are lengthy and well illustrated, some of them lavishly. The one on Chests and Coffers has forty-four photographs, that on Chests of Drawers has fifty, as well as a plate in colour, and the one on Clock-cases has seventy, besides two in colour.

To group Beer-waggons, Jack-waggons and Cheese-cradles, which in England are of quite a respectable antiquity, under the head of "Coasters," which is an American word of recent origin, seems an unfortunate arrangement. According to the *New English Dictionary* this word does not occur here before 1887. On page 86 the name Wood Barrington should be Wood Bevington, an old manor-house of the Ferrers family near Salford Priors.

We have in *Old English Silver* a huge volume, three-fourths of which consists of collotype prints from photographs of old pieces of plate, all of them interesting and most of them beautiful, and of considerable educational value. The book deals with the work of silversmiths from Anglo-Saxon times down to the nineteenth century. In the Middle Ages the quantity of English silver plate must have been enormous. The inventories and wills of those times show an amount of vessels and other objects in silver in the possession of people of substance, especially ecclesiastics, craft-guilds, colleges, and other communities, that is quite astonishing : and yet how deplorably small is the amount now in existence ! Mr. Watts considers that the numerous devastating wars, from which this country so long suffered, were responsible for a great deal of this scarcity, and undoubtedly they did cause the disappearance of many priceless examples of the goldsmith's craft. But if wars in England had ceased centuries before our last battle in 1685, should we have been much richer in old silver wares than we are now ? I fear not.

In Oxford and Cambridge Colleges more medieval plate might have survived if they had never received messages such as the following from Charles I in 1642 : "We doe hereby desire you that you will lend unto Us all such Plate of what kind soever w^{ch} belongs to youre Colledge, Promising you to see the same justly repayde unto you after the rate of 5s. the ounce for white, and 5s. 6d. for guilt Plate as soone as God shall enable Us." Great numbers of old silver pieces were melted down to help the army of Charles I, and after his defeat the Cromwellian Government ordered the

melting of still more important hoards from the Tower, and the Whitehall Jewel House, including the Regalia, which on the Restoration of Charles II had to be re-made. Also in 1697 the Mint, to meet the shortage of coin, offered 5s. 4d. an ounce for any old wrought plate bearing the Goldsmiths' Company's mark, which in those days was a tempting price. Municipalities sold magnificent pieces, the city of York, for instance, who thought they had disarmed criticism when they announced "such like plate of the like weight with the doners names ingraven ther on shal be bought again & restored as soone as money can conveniently be raised."

Had it not been for the Civil War we should probably have inherited most of the old Regalia, instead of only part of the twelfth-century Coronation Spoon, but unless it got buried or forgotten there was little chance for anything made of silver to escape the melting pot. As Mr. Watts says, "There were also the imperious demands of ever-changing fashion from which no age is ever free." This really has been the greatest curse of all; not only in the silversmith's craft but in every other, the restless worship of the newest fashion led to the destruction of everything old. In medieval times and down to the eighteenth century every substantial house or community had a hoard of damaged or old-fashioned silver and pewter; and when new was bought, the old was weighed and sent to the silversmith in order to reduce the amount of the bill.

One might be forgiven for presuming that all the really interesting and delightful great houses of England had long since been photographed and written about in *Country Life*, and that there remained for Section VI of *English Homes*, by Mr. H. Avray Tipping, nothing but a monotonous array of the dreary classic temples, such as were fashionable in the time of George III. But although the new volume does deal with the period 1760 to 1820, there is in actual fact a great deal of variety in it, as well as much that is very interesting to the student and amateur. In addition to a lavishly illustrated introduction, the volume gives long and learned accounts of twenty-one of our finest mansions of the later Georgian time. Moreover, the buildings, and especially many charming interior, embody the ideas of various English architects, each having his own interpretation of the Italian Buildings which he was supposed to be copying: they show also many of the characteristics of the men who devised them, of the great magnates for whom they were built, and of the various craftsmen who fitted and furnished them. These stately stone palaces are surrounded by the noble trees and mellowed gardens of the old demesnes into which they were thrust, and have settled down into the beautiful landscape, the parks and gardens, with their fish-ponds, stews and lakes. They illustrate a notable phase of English life, a phase which has departed and the conditions of which have completely passed away with the people who created them. Nor must we forget that this age witnessed an awakening to the merits of Gothic architecture, when men in powdered wigs and gold-laced coats of gorgeous colours built themselves elaborate plaster Gothic castles. One has to remember that till then the word "Gothic" was, like "Vandalistic," a word of scorn and contempt.

The mere fact that Horace Walpole could see any beauty in medieval work that had been designed in the "Dark Ages" gave his contemporaries much cause for pondering. So Strawberry Hill with its "fire-place taken from the tomb of Edward the Confessor," but "improved by Mr. Adam," and its gorgeous lath and plaster fan-tracery vaulted rooms and corridors, was imitated at Arbury, and other important mansions. And though, as we see in this book, these eighteenth-century attempts to follow Gothic models are in many respects childish and absurd enough, they paved the way to a better appreciation of the work of the past, which eventually created a love for the buildings left by our ancestors; a love which in the next century, more

often than not proved fatal to its objects, and effectually destroyed by restoration that which it was supposed to preserve.

Many of the houses are ancient ones Georgianized ; for instance, Hitchin Priory, Herts, which has an early Gothic cloister ; Kyre Park, Worcestershire, which cloaks an old castle ; Broadlands, Hants ; Althorp, Northants ; and others, and are more interesting and picturesque from the survival of various styles. A great number of the magnificent old portraits and pieces of furniture are illustrated too, besides fine statuary, tapestry and porcelain, with dozens of smaller objects from miniatures to black jacks.

Every kind of collector, whether he is keen after antique furniture, tapestry, pictures by the great masters of art, ancient or modern, anything precious or beautiful, even if he is interested only in its market value, must hail *Christies 1766 to 1925*, as a friend.

James Christie, the founder of the firm, was a tall and handsome man, as can be seen by a very fine photogravure from a painting by Thomas Gainsborough which forms the frontispiece to the book, and from a good-natured " caricature " by A. Dighton, dated 1794. He was also a man of remarkable ability, and was an intimate friend of Garrick, Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds. There are numerous other facsimile prints in the book, from drawings by Rowlandson, Gillray, Nasmyth, Richard Doyle and other celebrities, all illustrating the history of the firm.

An Appendix gives some of the " Humours of Auctioneering," and a Chronological List of the more important Sales at Christie's Rooms. In March, 1768, the first sale of pictures to which the owner's name is given, was that of Mr. Delbourg's " first Musician to His Majesty," among which a notable painting by Lely was put up, and was described as " a capital picture of King Charles II in the character of Cymon, looking at the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth and Nell Gwyne asleep with the most graceful parts of their bodies exposed, particularly mentioned in the Anecdotes of the Hon. Horace Walpole." In spite of its subject it realised a modest price, £8 7s. 6d.

In the introduction is the following passage :

About the year 1893 a lady brought them an Arabian glass cup mounted on silver feet of French workmanship. It used to stand on her piano and was used for flowers. Messrs. Christie sold it for £1,700, and it went into the collection of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, who bequeathed it on his death to the British Museum. About the same time a man in Wales found on the hills an old chalice and paten which he brought to them, and which was put into a sale. It fetched a high price and passed into the possession of the late Baron Schröder, who on his death also left it to the nation. It is now in the South Kensington Museum.

I think there must be something wrong in this last statement, as there is at Cardiff Museum a beautiful silver-gilt chalice and paten of the thirteenth century which were found under a rock near Dolgelly, and were afterwards bought by Baron Schröder for a very large sum. They were, however, successfully claimed by the Crown as being " treasure trove," but because of the enormous price he had given for them, the purchaser was allowed to keep them during his life, on condition that he bequeathed them to the National Museum of Wales. They are illustrated in Mr. Watts' *Old English Silver*, but that book does not say where they now are. They also mentioned in the same book on page 114 as follows :

But none of these approaches in beauty the noble example, found with its paten near Dolgelly, in 1890, and now the property of the Crown.

OLIVER BAKER